The Saturday Evening Post.

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KING DEATH.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELIA WHEELER.

I am writing my name
In the temple of Fame,
Cries the poet, and men shall preserve it in story.
But Death laughs aloud,
As he flutters a shroud,
And the poet lies down in the morn of his glory.

With the kings of the land,
I shall gallantly stand,
Cries the hero with eyes full of passionate fire.
Death smiles in disdain,
And the hero is lain
Where the worms gnaw his heart of ambitious desire.

Oh, my joy is complete,
And the future looks sweet,
Sighs the maid as she leans on the breast of her lover.
But Death holds his sway,
And mould and decay
The beautiful face and the throbbing heart cover.

Our life is a span,
And the mightiest plan
That men can conceive, King Death will destroy.
But his terrors are o'er
At the beautiful shore,
Where the souls of the saints dwell in heavenly joy.

THE KING OF CARD PLAYERS.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY LOUISE MUHLBACH.

AUTHOR OF "THE ELECTOR AND THE MONEY PRINCE," &c.

I.

THE FAREWELL UPON THE WEDDING-DAY.

The English watering-place, Bath, displayed a scene of bustle and excitement. The whole population was in a whirl of life and gayety. The fishermen, with their wives and daughters in Sunday attire, had taken their stand along the street. The school-master was there with the school children, each holding a showy nosegay in the hand, and near this group was stationed a band of music. All were gazing expectantly down the street leading to the London highway.

"If we only are not kept waiting too long!" whispered the people among themselves. "It will be so nice to get a sight of the Prince of Wales; he has such a friendly way about him, and bows as familiarly to each of us as though he were our friend and brother. If he only does not come too late, for the wedding in St. Catherine's church will be also worth seeing!"

"What wedding?" asked others.

"Why, we thought every one knew that pretty Alice is to be married to-day to Master Raily, the head clerk of Jones, the advocate?"

"Yes, we must be there!" said others meanwhile. "Alice is a noble girl, and has for a long time been her mother's only support. Good luck to her! Every one must rejoice she is making so good a match!"

"Well," others were saying, "the head clerk of Lawyer Jones is a lucky man, for Alice is the prettiest girl in all Bath, and virtuous and modest besides! But look! there comes Beau Nash! How splendid he looks in spite of his fifty years! He is still the handsomest man in old England!"

"And he is rich! very rich!" sighed others. "They say his house is like a fairy palace inside!"

"And he is so avaricious!" others were saying; "he never gives a penny to the poor who come begging at his doors! But he drives a splendid equipage, and dresses superbly, and wears diamonds, and no one knows how he manages to do it!"

"They know well enough!" cried others, "he gets his money at the green table! You know that very well, you only don't like to say it because you respect his money!"

"Look! there comes the Prince of Wales! Don't you see the great clouds of dust in the highway?"

"He is coming! Hurrah! There comes the Prince of Wales!"

This was the universal cry among the people. One alone remained mute, that was Nash, handsome Beau Nash, as the people of Bath called him.

He stood calmly silent there, shrugging his shoulders with contempt as he gazed upon the shouting populace, and the musicians, who struck up a flourish of trumpets as the procession drew nearer, and the school children, who in their small, piping lark-voices, chimed in with "God save the Prince of Wales."

But now, as the prince drew nearer in his open state-coach, the countenance of the handsome Nash assumed a graceful, friendly expression.

It was a stately procession. In the first carriage the Prince of Wales, who notwithstanding the disorder of George III. had not been appointed regent, and who was enjoying his life in the gayest freedom from restraint!

THE PARTING.

At his side sat the beautiful Lady Fitz-Williams. And within the following carriages were brilliantly attired and beautiful ladies, at the sides of gay and distinguished cavaliers of London.

The Prince of Wales had invited them all to stay with him in his country-seat at Bath, and all knew that the life there would be gay and extravagant! Therefore were the people all so rejoiced to see the arrival of the princely court. There was money spent in profusion, and every variety of pleasure and merry-making going on all the time, to the infinite delight of the good people of Bath.

The prince had given orders for his carriage to halt, and was smiling from side to side, and nodding pleasantly to the school children as they concluded their "God save the Prince." Suddenly he exclaimed aloud: "See, there is the King of Bath!"

"Who?" asked Lady Fitz-Williams.

"The King of Bath!" laughed the prince. "Yes, yes, my lady, we are only people of second rank here, the real king is Mr. Nash! Come hither, Nash, will you not be presented to my lady?"

Nash approached the chaise with affable bearing and almost condescending smile, calmly accepted the proffered hand of the prince, and shook it familiarly.

"Welcome, royal highness! I hope all will go well with you in Bath, and that I may rejoice in your distinguished favor."

"To be sure!" said the prince. "Dearest lady, you see before you Beau Nash, of whom I have told you so much, the tyrant of fashion here in Bath. Every one pays heed to him, and the manner in which he ties his cravat, and the way in which he wears his coat become a rule for all cavaliers. He is the king of Bath, the whole place belongs to him."

"The place, however, is very small!" replied Nash, turning with an insinuating smile toward the beautiful lady, "scarcely large enough to serve as throne for the Queen of Beauty!"

The lady smilingly bowed her beautiful head in recognition of the compliment.

"Very well said, Nash, you are a capital man!" laughed the prince, "and I am delighted that we are together again. You must come and spend the evening with me!"

"Your royal highness is very gracious!" replied Nash, bowing low; "unfortunately, though, I must for this evening decline the invitation, for I am bidden to a wedding festival, and cannot say 'no,' as the groom is my godson!"

"That is provoking!" said the prince, moodily. "I had set my heart on playing a hand with you this very evening. You are the best, the least passionate of all players, and I wanted to learn of you how it is possible to win and lose hundreds with a good grace. I think you will have to come, Nash, and leave all the wedding rejoicings to the groom himself. Yes, come!"

He held out his hand once more at parting, then gave orders for the carriage to drive on.

The musicians again blew up a flourish of trumpets, and the people hurrahed whilst the brilliant procession was set in motion once more toward the prince's villa on the sea shore.

"It is provoking!" muttered Nash, "really too provoking that for the sake of this foolish marriage I cannot be with the prince this evening! He is excited by his journey, is stormy and passionate, and would undoubtedly lose!"

As he turned to go home, he saw standing behind him a young man who had been a wistful spectator of the meeting between the prince and Beau Nash, and had stood near enough to overhear the conversation. Nash greeted him with a hasty nod.

"Are you here, Raily?" he exclaimed. "I am astonished that you could have other thoughts upon your marriage day than of your love and happiness!"

"I have had very many other thoughts," sighed the young man, approaching his godfather; "yes, many other thoughts, and I should much like to have your attention awhile; I should like to confess to you, godfather!"

"Troth! it would be a fine confession. I see it already by your face. What's the matter? Does the bird prove restive at entering the self-prepared cage? Ha! is it that?"

The young man nodded. "That is it. Day and night there is no rest for me, and when I consider you, and think I also might be such an elegant, distinguished man, it seems to me that I should be a fool to sit down in the dust amongst the briefs, and work like a horse in a dark office, and bear like a camel the burthens of life, instead of leading a merry life of ease like you, with nothing to do but to shuffle the cards and pocket the money!"

"Do you know, my dear godson, do you know that you express yourself somewhat rudely?" asked Nash, shrugging his shoulders. "However I can pardon your rudeness on the score of your excitement; but let me assure you it requires great talent, yes, indeed, great talent to be a player. One must understand how to curb his passions, one must have great knowledge of human nature, and must grasp particularly the weaknesses of those with whom one plays; one must know how to stir up the passions of others, and must possess besides refined manners, great culture, and the *savoir vivre* of the great world!"

"All this I will learn of you, godfather, for you must take pity on me!" said the young man, eagerly and beseechingly. "I would be the aptest, most tractable of pupils!"

Nash nodded his head complacently, evidently pleased with this flattery. "And I believe it would be an amusement for me to cultivate a scholar, as I am thinking somewhat of retiring. I have had a surfeit of cards and the excitement I have lived amidst these thirty years! It is not agreeable to walk every day on the brink of a precipice, and to be forced to think: Who knows whether you will not this day fall over! All passions are spent by time, even a passion for cards! Yes, I should like to retire, and send out into the world a scholar of my own! I am satisfied to take you as my scholar!" he said, as he paused before his house door, where they had now arrived. "But, thief, you are not free, and a married man can never become a good player!"

"I will not go into the cage!" exclaimed the young man wildly. "This morning I was filled with horror at the thought that my fate was now decided, and that I must wear chains for life. I feel that I cannot do it."

Nash nodded. "Then make yourself free! Do it at once, and to reward you for your heroism I will share with you all the arts of card playing. You shall be my scholar, and I can go this evening to the prince! See to it, therefore, as quickly as possible, Raily; break your chains, and then present yourself at my house."

"I shall break my chains!" And the young man extended his hand to handsome Nash, turned hastily and retraced his steps down the street. "Yes, I shall make myself free!" he repeated to himself. "Life is so beautiful, wherefore should I not enjoy it? I have luck at cards, I have tried it many a time. I have often watched Nash, and while he played and made the cavaliers hand over the money, I have always played with him in thought, and in thought have always won. Why should I not win if I were playing in reality? What a grand life it must be! I shall have my villa, too, and four horses in my stable."

Amidst these and similar thoughts he had reached the little, humble cottage in a side street where dwelt the poor widow of Captain Smith with her daughter. The house was this day decorated as gayly as could be. The poor widow had robbed her whole garden to adorn the interior of her house with garlands of flowers, even the floor was strewed with flowers, and smilingly she had prayed the good God that her Alice might always tread upon flowers at the side of the man she loved! Now she was busied in the kitchen preparing the simple wedding repast intended for the few invited guests.

Alice was up stairs in her chamber, gazing with happy content upon the white wedding dress which she had sewed and embroidered herself, and which seemed to her more splendid than the coronation robe of a queen! Suddenly the door burst open, and Thomas Raily, her groom-elect, stood upon the threshold.

A smile passed like a sunbeam over her beautiful face as she saw him, and she hastened to meet him with both hands outstretched.

"How nice it is, Thomas, that you come so early. Now, before all the guests and witnesses have arrived, I can offer you my thanks for all the happiness you are giving me, and for the love that I accept as a gift from God."

She gazed up tenderly into his face, but was alarmed at finding it so gloomy and confused, and at seeing how he avoided meeting her eyes.

"Listen, Alice," he said, "last night I thought a great deal, and turned over many things in my mind. You are so beautiful, so pure, so lovely, it seems to me I am not worthy of you. I am a queer fellow—and I think you will have much trouble and care with me!"

She laughed aloud—and this laughter that hitherto had sounded to him like sweet music, now terrified his guilty heart.

"I will bear it, Thomas! It will be a sweet trouble, and a well-loved care which you will impose upon me. The care of your happiness and the trouble to please you! And that will I do, Thomas! Mother is right—she always says it is so noble of you to marry me, who can bring you nothing but myself and my love! And you are capable of accomplishing so much! You are so wise and talented a man; and if, instead of being the first clerk of Mr. Jones here, you were to go to London, you could become a great lawyer, the people say. I know you only remain here for my sake, Thomas, and that touches me, for it is a sacrifice to your love! I thank you for it!"

"Do not thank me, Alice, I do not deserve it!"

The bitter, gloomy tone in which he said this, alarmed her; and she grew pale as she now looked up into his face. Her heart had read his

"Thomas!" she said, hastily; "you have bad news for me! Tell me quickly, or I shall die. What is it, Thomas?"

"Alice, I implore you not to be angry with me, and to be calm. I repeat what I said before. I have considered the matter, and know I am not worthy of you! You are noble, and pure, and good—and you think that the humble house in which we shall dwell, is a beautiful world; and, see, Alice, I know that outside this little house is a far more beautiful world; and that the small home will be so narrow and confined for me, and—"

"And you long to go forth!" she cried, in a loud, wailing voice. "You long to see the world beyond the little home?"

"Yes," he cried, vehemently. "Thank God, that the words are out. Yes, I long to see the world—I have never been beyond London, and was only there when I starved through the wretched days of my studies. Now that I have returned home, must I pass my whole life in writing acts and legal papers for others?"

"And be my dearly beloved husband?" she whispered, in an agony of grief; "and now you feel that you do not desire it, and that I would be a burthen! You wish to fly out into the world, and break the fetters that bind you to me! Is that it?"

"You are no fetter, Alice," he said, hesitatingly, "no burthen—but nevertheless, I keep to what I said at first, I am not worthy of you, and, therefore, I give you back my word! You deserve a better husband!"

She drew herself up to her full height, and looked full into his face with her beautiful blue eyes, now clouded with tears.

"Do not play the hypocrite, Thomas—at least have the courage to speak the truth! You desire to go out into the world! I have already feared for you, when I saw you in the company of handsome Nash! He has poisoned your heart, and led astray your soul!"

"He will make me his pupil!" said Thomas, abruptly. "If I am a free, single man, he will teach me his art, and I can then go out into the world and become a rich and distinguished man!"

"And you will accept the offer?" she asked, sorrowfully. "Oh, I am not thinking now of myself, not considering that my own life is wretched and buried, neither am I thinking of the scandal of the world! I am only thinking of you whom I have loved from earliest childhood! Oh, Thomas, have pity upon yourself—do not sell your soul to the devil of play, it is lost if you do! Give me up—go out into the world—do anything that you will; but do not become a gambler!"

He laughed.

"I have just been witness of how familiarly the Prince of Wales addressed handsome Nash, the gambler—how he shook his hand, and called him the King of Bath! And then I felt that I, too, would like to be a king, and hold intercourse with kings and princes. Yes, I would have them sit at my table as my guests—these great aristocrats—and call me their friend! It is a poor, pitiful life in the dusty law-office. I must go out into the world! Forgive me, Alice! But fate calls me—I must follow it!"

She had grown deathly pale—had tottered backward, and taken hold of a chair to keep her from falling. By a powerful effort of the will, she soon recovered her self-control.

"Thomas Raily," she exclaimed, beseechingly, "have pity upon yourself! Do not look upon me merely as Alice, your bride, who loves you, and who now will perhaps die of grief—look upon me as your good angel, and consider that God speaks from my mouth! Do not purchase with your soul's salvation the glitter of a single hour!"

"A single hour!" he echoed, derisively. "Arthur Nash has for thirty years been renowned, distinguished, and happy—all the lords of the realm throng around him to play cards with him; and he is the King of Bath. Why should not *I* take his place when *he* abdicates his throne? And I will. Forgive me, Alice, I cannot help it! At this moment I feel that it is a terrible sacrifice to leave you, for I love you truly and deeply; but I cannot help it, for only the free man can undertake the struggle with fortune! Do not weep so bitterly, Alice! Give me your hand, be magnanimous, and say: 'Go, Thomas—I give you back your freedom—go, seek your fortune!' Think not that I leave you forever; for you see when I am rich and celebrated, I shall return to you! We only part to meet again, richer and happier! Were we to marry now, I should be condemned to be a clerk all my life. Let us strive to win something of fortune! Alice, I will return to you a wealthy man, and doubtless a better one, too. For when I am no longer with you, I shall first realize how dearly I love you! I feel it already; and it grieves me to the soul that I must part from you."

She nodded softly. "Balsam, Thomas, a little balsam, I suppose, for the wounds you are giving me? You are magnanimous, and I thank you! Go, seek your fortune; I will not detain you! You shall not have it in your power to reproach me my whole life for having stood in the way of your happiness. Go, Thomas!"

"You set me free?" he cried, joyously casting himself upon his knees before her, and grasping both her hands; "generous, noble creature! You give me back my freedom!"

Her lips parted as for a shriek, but she pressed them tightly together, and struggled for composure. Then after a pause she said, softly: "Yes, I set you free! Go, Thomas, seek to win from life happiness and wealth; but remember that here in Bath, in the little, quiet cottage your Alice prays for you!"

"And waits for me? That is so, Alice; you will wait ten years for me, won't you? And this day ten years hence just look down the street, and if you see a great cloud of dust, and behind it a brilliant equipage drawn by four black horses, you may know that the rich Raily, the King of Bath, is coming to make you queen! Yes, it shall be so!" he cried vehemently, as he sprang up; "swear to me, Alice, that you will wait ten years for me!"

She solemnly laid her hand in his. "I swear to you, Thomas, that I will wait ten

years for you, and should you come home a beggar, I will say to the poor wanderer—'I have waited and prayed for you ten years because I loved you.' And now, Thomas Raily, go out into the world! I will wait for you, although you have broken my heart!"

"I will heal it again," cried Thomas, joyfully; "it seems to you now that I have broken it, but such wounds are not mortal. And when I come again to lay down millions at your feet, and make you Queen of Bath, then you will forgive me!"

She sadly shook her head. "You will not come with treasures, Thomas, and a broken heart can never be made glad and happy again. But that matters not. I will not now wail and lament. Only one thing I beseech of you, Thomas, do not tell mother. She is out in the garden praying for our happiness; and oh, God! what shall I say to our friends and guests when they arrive for the bridal? Ah, Thomas," she cried, bursting out into a wail of grief and lamentation, "I feel now it is impossible; the shame and scandal will be greater than I can bear. Yet no, no, I will not detain you! No, let come what will, you shall not be fettered by me. Go!"

"Alice," he said, hesitatingly, gazing at her as she stood there beautiful and lovely as a white, storm-bowed lily, "Alice, I cannot leave you so. Pity and grief enter my heart, and I feel if you weep and sorrow thus, I would rather sacrifice all my plans to you than grieve you so. Let it be, then. I will wear the chains. Take me, and let us set forth to the church for the wedding!"

She drew herself up proudly, and fixed upon him a look of just indignation.

"You wish to give me your hand out of pity? No, Thomas Raily, Alice Smith will never be made a wife through pity! You might kneel in supplication at my feet, I should not do it! For that I love myself and you too much! We part now; and I am willing to take the blame upon myself! I will tell my mother that I have changed my mind because I discovered that you were a gambler—and felt that on that account I could never be happy with you! Yes, I will tell our friends that it is I who have withdrawn. I will not have them blame you, Thomas!"

"You are an angel of mercy; and now I feel that the good angel within me has gained the upper hand. I will cast aside everything—I will remain with you!"

"No, you shall go now, Thomas! You must take with you though, a keepsake from me!"

She went to her sewing-table, took up the scissors, and hastily severed a lock of her beautiful long golden hair, and handed it to him.

"There, Thomas, accept the bridal gift for your new life! And now, go!"

She pushed him vehemently toward the door, and he rushed forth and ran down the stairs like one pursued by furies.

Alone in the humble chamber, Alice sank upon her knees, buried her face in the wedding-dress on which she had worked a whole year, and wept aloud with grief.

CHAPTER II.

THE GAMBLER AND HIS PUPIL.

He had reached his goal; the teachings of the celebrated Nash had fallen upon fruitful soil in Thomas Raily, and had borne luxuriant seed in his heart.

Thomas Raily had become a professional gambler, a man who when fortune smiled, lived amidst pleasure and splendor, or when it frowned could be cast into an abyss of rage and despair, of poverty and want. The "King of Bath," handsome Nash, had educated in Thomas Raily a worthy scholar. A "second I," as Nash used to say when he saw the young man in the society of distinguished lords, in the presence of the Prince of Wales, lose at the faro-table heaps of gold with undisturbed repose, without once betraying his anger or excitement, or even allowing the smile to fade from his fresh young face when in one minute he saw swept from him a fortune whose possession would keep him from want and privation his whole life.

"Thomas Raily is a perfect gentleman," the Prince of Wales remarked upon such an occasion, graciously nodding his head. "One would really take him for a gentleman of birth and descent, he has such *finesse* of manner, and bears his losses with so much nonchalance. I know many high born lords who cannot suppress an oath when they lose a few thousand guineas, but yesterday I saw Thomas Raily lose four thousand guineas in play with Lord Gordon without the pleasant smile vanishing for a moment from his delicate lips. He is indeed an agreeable man, and with his face and his manners he can go a good ways in the world; it is easily seen that '*Fortuna*' favors him."

"Yes," said the King of Bath, "and I hope my pupil will be discreet enough to concern himself about the favor of the beautiful goddess '*Fortuna*' alone, and not give his heart to any earthly goddess. Do you hear, Thomas Raily, guard yourself well from this, my son. For a knight of the goddess '*Fortuna*' there is nothing more dangerous than when he becomes untrue to her, and turns to some earthly woman."

"I will beware," laughed Thomas Raily, "and I believe I bear in my heart a talisman which will protect me from such dangers.

"And what talisman is that?" asked the prince with good-natured nonchalance, turning up the *rouge et noir* as he spoke, for he kept the faro bank to-day. "Say, Thomas Raily, what talisman is that?"

"Royal highness, my remembrance—the remembrance of a past injustice and a broken faith," he replied; and, as he spoke the sweet, amiable smile vanished from his finely-moulded lips.

The prince continued counting the points on his cards without paying further heed to the young man.

"*Rouge*, 34; *noir*, 28! You have lost, Nash."

"One hundred *guineas*, I believe?"

The King of Bath pushed them from him with a friendly nod of the head.

"One hundred guineas; well, and the talisman?"

"O, royal highness!" cried Nash, impatiently, "let us drop this subject! You see the mention of love already brings me loss! A genuine card-player has no right to know that there is such a thing as love in the world."

"*Diable!*" laughed the prince. "In that case I am in a bad way, and I imagined I was a genuine player. Let us have another game, Thomas Raily, and you, Lord Rochefort, come, you owe me return for the game of yesterday."

And they played the whole night through, as usual; and in the morning Thomas Raily was two thousand guineas richer than he had been the evening before.

It was at Carleton House, the country-seat of the Prince of Wales, where they were playing this night. The prince had invited the King of Bath and his pupil, in addition to the whole crowd of his own merry courtiers, to Carleton House, and there they dwelt amidst gayety and pleasure. By day they hunted, fished, dined and supped in light-hearted freedom from care, enjoyed life and the diversion of the moment; and by night they betook themselves to the card-table, and indulged in the evil passion to which already so many human hearts and human lives had fallen sacrifice.

"Now, my son," said Nash, as he entered with his pupil the following morning the apartment appointed for the two, "now I will tell you something; your apprenticeship is at an end, and you are ready to sally forth into the wide world. I have educated you as a card-player *comme il faut*, and think you will meet with luck out in the world, and will return home a rich man if you set forth now."

"You know, my dear friend," laughed Thomas Raily, "that this is my most ardent wish. I long to see life and the world. For that alone did I sell my happiness, and allow myself to be dubbed knight of hell."

Arthur Nash looked up at him in amazement.

"What do you mean by that? I verily believe you have qualms of conscience, my son."

Thomas Raily hung his head.

"Yes, I have qualms of conscience—and I am ashamed of them, but I cannot suppress them. I have just received letters from Bath. Alice, my betrothed, is ill; she is low with nervous fever, and the physician thinks she will never be better."

Arthur Nash laughed aloud.

"And are you fretting for that, you foolish boy? I tell you she will get well, and be gay and happy again. Do you think she will flee life for your sake? If you still have the misfortune to believe in the love of women, I should advise you to stay at home and earn an honest livelihood, instead of sallying forth into the world to become the knight of free art."

"No," he exclaimed, "no, I will go forth. I long to know the great, beautiful world. I will see all Europe, and will pitch my tent in every city of the world. And when I return, Arthur Nash, I will be your successor to the throne, for I, too, will be a king. It is true I many times have qualms of conscience, and I am so foolish that many times I dream of the little homely room in which I last saw Alice; and in my dreams the tears course down my cheeks because she looks so pale, and fixes her beautiful eyes upon me with such an expression of pain."

"Silly boy!" cried Nash, impatiently. "I advise you to touch no more cards to-day, for you will surely lose. Oh, Thomas, Thomas, how hard it is for a child of humanity to become wise, and to bring his own heart into subjection!"

"And I have no desire to bring it into subjection," said Thomas, abruptly. "It is a very good thing in its way, the heart, only it has no business to annoy one with such sentimental fancies and qualms of conscience. In that respect you are right, Nash, and therefore I mean to root them out of my heart from this hour forth, as though they were poison plants."

"I would give you another piece of advice," said Nash, with a condescending nod of his head. "Remove everything from your presence that could remind you of the past. Did you not tell me that your tearful Alice gave you at parting, a curl, a lock of her hair, and that you swore to her that you would preserve it as a memorial? It was an absurd promise—throw away the curl; your thoughts will not be free of her until you do so. The human hair is like an invisible chain that binds together human hearts. Rend the bond asunder, cast it away from you, and you will be saved."

He shook his head vehemently.

"No, Arthur Nash, that I cannot do! I have sworn to her that I will preserve the lock—and I will do so. See, here it is."

And he drew forth from his breast a medallion that he wore about his neck on a golden chain. It was a beautiful one, of heavy gold set with diamonds. The first two hundred guineas he had won, he had appropriated to the purchase of this medallion to hold the beloved tress of his betrothed.

"See this golden hair! When I look at it it seems to me as though I saw Alice herself, and it does me good sometimes when the clink of the gold is still, and the excitement of the game is over and I am alone; yes, then it does me good to gaze upon this lock and bury myself in the olden time. And I think: so long as I wear this lock I am not altogether lost. It is a superstition, Arthur Nash, I know it well, and know, too, that you will despise me for it."

"I do not despise you, I pity you," said Nash, shaking his head. "Unhappy creature, with such thoughts and such sentimental emotions you will never become a finished gambler. You rejoice now over the golden hair, but I tell you, Thomas Raily, there will come a day when you will curse this hair, because it cannot be transformed into gold! There is upon earth but one thing that has real value! Mark well what I am saying to you, and pay heed to my words, for they are the testament I give you to take out into the world with you: Love-letters, letters of friendship, all these are worthless and miserable things in our world; there is but *one* paper that has any real value, and that is a bill of exchange, or a note of hand! As long as you have these, you are a man of distinction. Consider what I have made of you in a short time! The petty clerk of advocate Jones in Bath is now the guest of the Prince of Wales at Carleton House. Whence comes this? Simply because you are a skillful player, and because you have money. A gambler with luck is the chosen friend of cavaliers, a gambler without luck is a despised, wretched creature that is spurned like a dog. Look, Thomas Raily, look at these heaps of gold that you have won to-night; look at them carefully, and swear that you will increase them an hundred, yea, a thousand fold. See how it shines and glitters, and how it whispers to you that it has power to give you every thing if you only will. *Every thing!* Money is the highest, most brilliant pedigree, one which never becomes extinct. Go out into the world and try! You will find no one whose ancestry causes a dispute about this pedigree. I, the son of a fisherman, who drowned himself because he had not eight shillings to provide for his family with, I am now called the King of Bath. Why? Because from my journey in search of fortune I brought back my pedigree with me, my money! So must you, too, come home to me, Thomas Raily; you, too, must bring back with you your ancestry. And I will wait in Bath for you; you shall be my crown prince! If you return, you shall be King of Bath!"

"I promise you that I will," said Thomas Raily. "I *will* accumulate treasures, for you are right, Arthur Nash, one can chain the smiles of fortune to one's self if one has only a firm, stony heart, a clear vision and an intrepid will."

"And if one understands how to make the right *volt* at the right moment," whispered Nash. "Do not forget that, my son; it is necessary sometimes to aid fortune. And now you have received my testament! Now go forth into the world. I am tired, I will sleep—and you?"

"I will pack up my things and set forth. You will make my excuses to the Prince of Wales. Give me your hand, Arthur Nash, and let me give you my thanks for all that you have done for me, all that will for ever remain graven upon my heart."

"Nonsense!" cried Nash, "do not speak to me of gratitude and such nonsense. There is no such thing as gratitude, and I should despise you were you one day to allow yourself to be fooled by this miserable weakness towards me. It might happen that notwithstanding all my wisdom and skill the King of Bath should suddenly become a beggar, and should come to you in his degradation to remind you of the gratitude you have this day promised him. I should despise you if you should be grateful. So do not speak to me of it; farewell, may you prosper. I repeat once more I will keep the throne of Bath for you. Come again and take possession of it."

"I shall come again, Arthur Nash. I have promised Alice to return in ten years, and I shall keep my word."

"Still harping on Alice, Alice!" cried Nash, shaking his head. "I am afraid after all you will come to no good! You have too much heart and conscience for a gambler. I am not pleased with it."

Shaking his finger at his pupil he turned and entered his sleeping cabinet.

*In fencing a sudden move or leap to avoid a thrust.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Vinnie Ream on the Woman Question.

Vinnie Ream, the lady sculptor, was recently applied to by Mrs. Cady Stanton to sign some sort of a Woman's Rights' petition. She declined, whereupon—

"Why, child!" cried Mrs. Stanton, "you are a working girl, getting your bread by your hands! If you do not help yourself and us, how can women help you?"

"Mrs. Stanton," said Vinnie Ream, bitterly, "no help has any woman ever given me here. From —— to ——, they have all sought to strike me down. Mrs. C—— writes to the Tribune that she has not seen any of my work, but that she knows it is bad. Mrs. S—— goes to Thaddeus Stevens, and among Congressmen, asking them not to give my studio back. Mrs. A——all of them, can find no larger occupation than attacking a poor, little girl, and their dislike—I never offended one of them—has extended to personally canvassing against me. No! Madam! Driven out of the wish of their patronage and co-operation, I will be befriended by gentlemen only; for whilst I never got any justice from woman I was never treated meanly by man!

"Mrs. Stanton, the men have more heart for my sex than the women. Their jealousy is at least large as emulation. Repelled by wrongs, in the way I have stated, I was compelled to learn the generosity of men, and I do not regret the lesson."

We may add, that we have no doubt that all fair-minded and really talented women will make the same admission as Vinnie Ream—that they have received threefold more help in their career from men than from women. In truth, while men of fine talents are very often neglected by men, women of unusual ability are always aided by them.

Curious Trial.

A curious trial will be heard before the Judge de Paix in a few days. A farmer and a butcher concluded their bargain over a savory dish of eels. The butcher, during the repast, drew from his purse a bank-note for five hundred francs to pay for a sheep purchased. Unfortunately, the note fell into the sauce. The butcher fished it up delicately between his finger and thumb, and shook it gently to remove the sauce; but the farmer's dog, interpreting the action for a gracious invitation, snapped at and gulped down the note. The butcher was furious and stupefied.

"I want my note," said he; "I will kill and open your dog."

"I prohibit you," replied the farmer; "my dog is worth more than five hundred francs."

"Then," replied the butcher, "I owe you nothing; your dog has received payment, and in presence of witnesses, too."

"Oh!" continued the farmer, "my dog is not my cashier; and, further, if you have paid me, where is your receipt?"

"If it comes to that," cried the butcher, "we will bring the matter before the judge;" and to Cæsar they have both appealed.

☞ A New York poet has written what he calls a "modern drinking song," inscribed to the "whiskey ring," and of which the following is a specimen stanza:

Fill high the bowl with Fusil Oil!
With Tannin let your cups be crowned!
If Strychnine gives relief to toil,
Let Strychnine's generous juice abound!
Let Oil of Vitriol cool your brains,
Or animated atoms brew—
And fill your arteries, hearts and veins,
With glee—and infusorial glue!

☞ It is a generally-accepted doctrine that most sea-fishes deposit their eggs at the bottom of the water, and this has been one of the great arguments against the process of trawling. Professor Sars has just discovered that cod, mackerel, and various other fishes, deposit their spawn at the surface of the water instead of at the bottom. These eggs present at their superior pole a drop of oil, which diminishes their specific gravity, and enables them to float on the surface. This drop remains visible during the whole development of the egg into the little fish.

☞ A lady and gentleman of Troy, N. Y., whose connubial bliss is perfect in everything save the presence of children around the domestic fireside, were examining some illuminated mottoes in a book-store the other day, when the wife picked out one bearing these words: "God bless our home." The husband thought that very good, but still not exactly what they wanted. Looking a little further, he picked up this one: "Suffer little children to come unto me," and he assured his wife that was what they wanted.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN'RY 23, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving as notified.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 25 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 20 Machine, price $75. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply back numbers of THE POST to the paper of December 12th—which contains the opening of "THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS," and "THE ABBOT'S POOL."

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.

Additions can always be made to a club, at the club price; and we will send back numbers to the beginning of said club's term of subscription, so long as we have them on hand. Of course it is necessary that the subscriptions of all the members of a club should end at the same time.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The *Cuba (N. Y.) Patriot* wonders that we should insert in THE POST a couple of advertisements like the following:—

"THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 30 cents, and stamp, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address, &c.

20,000 SOLD. THE MAGNETIC POCKET TIMEKEEPER and compass, in a handsome case, with glass crystal, white enameled dial, steel and metal works, ordinary watch size, sound and serviceable, warranted to denote correct time, and keep in order two years. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sent, post-paid, for $1, or 3 for $2. Agents wanted. Circulars free, &c.

The *Patriot* says of the first, that "Should any one send 30 cents, (color of eyes, hair," etc., not necessary,) you will receive some old photograph picked up by the advertiser, who makes his 30 cents nearly clear." And of the other: "The 'Magic Timekeeper' spoken of is simply a cheap pocket compass, worth perhaps 10 cents, with which of course you can tell when it is noon by sun time—when the sun shines. Should you send for it you will be one of the '20,000' sold!

It is somewhat difficult we may say in relation to advertisements, always to tell what is deserving of credit and what not. As to the "Magnetic Pocket Time-keeper," if we understand its character, it is simply a pocket compass and a sun dial—and as we have had not any complaints about it from our subscribers, it is probably worth all that is asked for it. Of course it ought to be advertised as a compass and sun dial, and not as a Time-keeper.

As to the "correct photograph of your future husband or wife," we do not insert such advertisements generally, but occasionally one slips in.

Our conscience, however, does not pain us a great deal with regard to such unmitigated humbugs. We have too high an opinion of the mental development of the readers of THE POST to suppose that they are in danger of being deceived by such nonsense. If they ever send on for the photographs in question, it is merely for the fun of the thing.

In conclusion, the advertising columns of a paper have their interest as affording general readers a glance as to what is going on in the great world. And therefore we do not hold quite so strict a rein over our own as we should otherwise do. Palpable cheats—especially such large and popular swindles as the Gift Enterprises and other Lotteries—we have always kept out of our columns—at a cost to us probably of thousands of dollars. But the little cheats, which teach foolish people wisdom at a very small cost, we do not think on the whole very hurtful or dangerous. Although it is very well to bring them up with a round turn every now and then, to keep them from becoming insufferable.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

APPLETON'S JUVENILE ANNUAL FOR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-NINE. A Christmas and New Year's Gift for Young People. With numerous illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

This annual is handsomely bound in green and gold, with gilt edges; and is one of the most beautiful gift books for children that we have seen.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, LITTLE DORRIT. Reprinted Pieces. In one volume. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

HOME STORIES. By Mrs. ALICE B. HAVEN, ("Cousin Alice.") Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

KING'S OWN; JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER. Two novels, by CAPTAIN MARRYAT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

ISAIAH; WITH NOTES. Critical, explanatory and practical, designed for both pastors and people. By Rev. HENRY COWLES, D. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

THE CANTERBURY TALES. By GEOFFREY CHAUCER. From the Text and with the Notes and Glossary of THOMAS TYRWHITT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

NEWTON FORSTER; OR, THE MERCHANT SERVICE. By CAPTAIN MARRYATT, Author of "Naval Officer," "Jacob Faithful," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

RED GAUNTLET. A Romance. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

THE OLD WORLD IN ITS NEW FACE. Impressions of Europe in 1867—1868. By HENRY W. BELLOWS. Vol. II. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN. A Novel. By the auth r of "Rachel's Secret," &c., &c., Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

RESOURCES OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE. A Statistical and Descriptive Summary of the mines and minerals, climate, topography, agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and miscellaneous productions, of the states and territories west of the Rocky Mountains. With a sketch of the Settlement and Exploration of Lower California. By J. ROSS BROWNE, aided by a corps of assistants. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers, Successors to G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

JESUS OF NAZARETH: HIS LIFE AND TEACHINGS. Founded on the Four Gospels; and illustrated by reference to the manners, customs, religious beliefs, and political institutions of his times. By LYMAN ABBOTT. With Designs by Doré, De Larochef, Fenn, and others. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

Love at Seventy.

A Boston correspondent tells the following:—

Here is a touching little romance: Half a century ago, two young people—youth and maiden in a country village—loved each other. Unkind fate persecuted them and denied the legitimate reward of mutual affection. Both married and lived in widely-separated towns, children grew up about each, and the cares of life came upon them; but the spark of that early love burned in both bosoms. Once in a great while they exchanged letters. At last his wife died; his children grew up and went to the bad, and he was left a lonely old man, poor and comfortless. This summer her husband died. Soon as blessed defunct was put comfortably under the sod, the widow packed up her goods and started for the home of her first love. She arrived one afternoon, and was directed to his house, but its master was absent. Nothing daunted, she went in and sat alone till he returned. Imagine the meeting of tender old creatures of seventy, who had been faithful to each other through fifty years. She remained in his house a few days; then they were married; and the neighbors say, that never did humanity afford such a similitude to two very sentimental turtle-doves as in the wedded bliss of these absurd old people. They are living now, steeped in happiness, it would seem, and, no doubt, fully believing in the maxim, "Better late than never."

Not the Devil.

Horace Greeley, in a chapter of his "Recollections" devoted to Spiritualism, tells us the following:—"Nor can I unreservedly accept the hypothesis which ascribes the so-called 'spiritual' phenomena to a demoniac origin. That might account satisfactorily for some of them, but not for all. For instance, in the township of Wayne, Erie, Pa., near the house of my father and brother, there lived, twelve or fifteen years ago, a farmer well known to me, named King, who had many good traits and one bad habit, that of keeping a barrel of whiskey in his house, and dealing out the villanous fluid at so much per quart or pint to his thirsty neighbors. Having recently lost a beloved daughter, he had recourse to '*spiritualism*,' (abominable term!) and received many messages from what purported to be his lost child—one or more insisted that the aforesaid whiskey barrel must be expelled from his premises and never be reinstated. So said, so done, greatly to the benefit of the neighborhood. Now I feel confident that the devil never sent or dictated *that* message; for, if he did, his character has been grossly belied, and his biography ought to be re-written."

Children by Adoption.

The Massachusetts Supreme Court has recently made a decision upon the right of a parent to reclaim the custody of his child. In the absence of the father, who was a sailor, the mother died, and the child, being of tender age and destitute, was placed in the care of a respectable family, to be brought up as their own. When the child was nine years old, the father appeared and endeavored to assert his claims. On the hearing of the writ of *habeas corpus*, the full court refused to take the child away from its parents by adoption, holding that where by misfortune or accident a father has left his child destitute and dependent upon charity, and the child has been permitted to form new relations in life so deep and strong as to change its whole nature and character, the child should be considered as emancipated by the father, and the father cannot assert his legal right to its custody.

NITRO-GLYCERINE MADE HARMLESS.—That tremendous explosive material, nitro-glycerine, is now rendered harmless by mixing it with powdered silica to about the consistence of ordinary clay. It can then be carried about, or subjected to blows or pressure, with safety, but is as efficacious as ever when required for blasting. To take an instance: A block of wrought-iron, nearly a cubic foot square, having a hole through it of one inch diameter, was charged with six ounces of *dynamite*, as the mixture is called. There was no plugging; the dynamite was simply inserted in the hole, and was fired by a fuse. The block of iron was rent in two, and each portion blown to a considerable distance. Henceforth, tunnelling should be less tedious than at present, for dynamite has tenfold the blasting effect of gunpowder.

☞ A bachelor, according to the latest definition, is a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miserable.

Story of a London Cobbler.

In the rear of the splendid town residence of Lord L——, and facing on a much humbler street (for in large cities like London it is impossible for wealth to avoid being jostled occasionally by poverty,) dwelt an industrious son of St. Crispin.

Now, it happened, as the case often is, that the shoemaker was the father of a family almost numerous enough to qualify him for the responsible berth of a parish beadle; and being the father of eight, it required a continuous exertion of his physical powers to procure them the absolute necessaries of life. He was, of course, necessitated to work early and late; and the rat-a-tat-tat of the shoemaker's hammer, long before light in the morning, naturally disturbed the family of Lord L——, who are of that unfortunate class who are compelled by the requirements of fashionable society to convert night into day.

Lord L—— would have slept soundly under the very snort of the locomotive, but his lady was unluckily the possessor of one of those intensely nervous temperaments which naturally recoil at anything approaching the hum-drum confusion of plebian pursuits. The noise of the shoemaker's hammer was too much for her delicate organization, and she would awaken Lord L—— from his blissful slumbers, ofttimes at the very point of a happy consummation of his dreams, by reminding him of that horrid noise in the rear. Lord L—— was phlegmatic and fogyy, by no means a *savant*, though an intense admirer of Lady L——, who was talented. He possessed none of the repellant discrimination of his lady, and would have preferred the society of some clever representative of Billingsgate to that of a minister of the Church of England. But, as we have said, he believed implicitly in Lady L——, and anything calculated to annoy that most excellent lady, must be removed at any cost. Of course, after consuming the night, and three or four hours of the morning, in the enjoyment of patrician pleasures, it was absolutely necessary to Lady L——, whose brilliant talents were perpetually on the stretch during those intoxicating moments, that she should have the privilege of commanding a few moments of undisturbed quiet out of the twenty-four hours allotted to the day, without suffering the inalienable prerogatives of her nobility to be disturbed by a vulgar and designing cordwainer.

Lord L—— and his lady had returned about four in the morning from the reception of the distinguished Duchess of ——, his lordship being in a blissful state of self-unconsciousness from the potent effects of certain wines of marvellous antiquity, and her ladyship highly charged with the brilliant bon-mots which had fallen like pearls from the eloquent lips of a distinguished *savant*, whose erratic disposition inclined him to a suite of apartments, including one room upon the attic floor. But scarcely had Lady L—— resigned herself luxuriously to the arms of Morpheus, when she was suddenly recalled to the vulgar realities of a practical existence by that everlasting thumping of the father of eight children in the rear.

She gave Lord L—— a sharp punch in the ribs which aroused him in an instant to that astonishing state of self-consciousness, which led him to inquire in a somewhat testy, though oblivious manner—

"Lord bless me! Lady L——, what's the matter? What are you diving at my ribs for? You have thumped them now till they are sorer than Balaam's donkey. Why can't you let a poor fellow rest?"

"I really believe, my lord, you would go to sleep in a hornet's nest, or on the brink of a crater!" exclaimed her ladyship petulantly. "I really wish sometimes I were as happily and stupidly organized as you are. I should not be disturbed by the everlasting thumping of that horrid creature in the rear."

"Ugh!" said his lordship, sleepily, "leave me alone this time, and I'll look to's in the morning."

"Good Heavens," cried her ladyship, renewing her manipulations upon the ribs of his lordship, "I shall positively go distracted with that odious shoemaker, unless you pay some further regard to my feelings, and put a stop to this perpetual thumping."

"Only be quiet, my lady, and I'll do it in the morning, at whatever cost," said my lord.

The fact of it was, our honest shoemaker, whom the pressing wants of a large family had compelled to rise early, had commenced the labors of the day shortly after the retirement of Lord L—— and his lady, and as the lady had not thought proper to stupify herself with the same potent beverage which had operated so advantageously upon the nerves of his lordship, slumber to her was of course denied.

On the same day, at a later hour, and agreeably to his promise, Lord L—— paid the shoemaker a visit. He found him still pounding away at his humble calling, and they speedily entered into conversation. His lordship stated his wife's grievances, and desired to know if he could not wait till a reasonable hour in the morning before commencing his labors.

"Alas, my lord, I am very poor, and having the responsibility weighing upon me, am obliged to work early and late to pay my little rent here and support them. It is true, if I had a little money to do it with, I should open a much larger shop in a more favorable locality, and should doubtless make a very good thing of it. But poverty, my lord, is a stern reality that may not be understood by people in the same walks of life as your honor."

"Ahem!" said his lordship; "how much money would it require to carry out these designs?"

"For five hundred pounds, I might open a shop and stock it handsomely, in the very heart of London. In some more obscure quarter, with advantages correspondingly less, I might open with less capital."

"Look here, my man," said Lord L——, "I am strongly inclined to favor your enterprise. I will lend you five hundred pounds to-day, upon the conditions I shall dictate to you. In a word, you shall pay me back one pound per week for this money, as long as you live, and when you die your death shall cancel the debt. I will run my own risk as regards your longevity. What do you say—will you accept the money on those terms?"

"I will, and God bless your lordship forever, and your lordship's lady, and may you live a thousand years and be happy, and may I live as long to repay you!" exclaimed the delighted artisan, tossing aside the shoe upon which he had been thumping away all the morning. "I have realized my dream; I'll take a shop in Bond street, and serve nothing but nobility—God bless them!"

"Call at the office of my solicitor, then, in an hour, and you shall find a check there for five hundred pounds awaiting you;" and he handed him the address of the legal gentleman who transacted his business. "And, hark you," said his lordship facetiously, "when you have bagged the bird, call at my club-room in St. James street. You will find me there from one to three in the afternoon." And with this Lord L—— shook off the odor of leather and departed.

At the proper hour, Mr. Tobias (for that was the shoemaker's name) called at the office of Lord L——'s solicitor, and agreeable to his lordship's promise, received his money. He then visited the club-room and called for Lord L——, who presently appeared.

"Well, my man, did you raise the needful?"

"I did," said Tobias, "and many thanks to your honor. May you never grow poorer."

"Leave alone the compliments," said his lordship significantly, "for perhaps you are not acquainted with the rules and regulations of our club."

"Alas, my lord, I am but a poor man, and know but very little beyond my humble calling."

"It is only proper then," said his lordship, "that I should enlighten you. It is the custom always among us here that whoever receives money shall stand treat, and, according to precedent, it falls upon you, you being the receiver."

"With all my heart, "said Tobias, "if you will conduct me to a suitable place for your lordship."

"That is easily done," replied Lord L——. "We patronize no other place but the Adelphi, and that you know is but a few steps. Shall we go?"

"Most assuredly, my lord. I am quite anxious not to conflict with any established precedent," said Tobias.

On their arrival at this fashionable retreat, Tobias inquired of his lordship what he would take.

"I always take wine in the afternoon," said Lord L——; "shall I take the liberty to order it for you?"

"Do, if you please. I am unaccustomed, as yet, to the usages of good society," said Tobias.

"Waiter!" cried his lordship, "a bottle of *Champagne de Sillery*, and glasses for two!" They were brought and placed before them upon the polished slab.

"This, now, is a beverage worthy of the gods," said Lord L——, as he helped himself to the flowing bumper. "Test it, Sir Knight of the Strop—I forget your name—Tobias."

The bottle was soon dispatched, very much to the exhilaration of Mr. Tobias and his noble patron. The reckoning was then called for, and Mr. Tobias discovered that the price demanded for *Champagne de Sillery* was two pounds.

This announcement naturally operated like an electric shock upon the nerves of Tobias, though he settled the bill, of course, without a murmur, and soon after withdrew. He found no difficulty, now that he had money at his disposal, in securing the coveted shop in Bond street, which had so long haunted him like the spectre of a future hope, now happily realized.

The shop was filled with a choice selection of soles, of every variety and description, in accordance with Mr. Tobias's best judgment, and it was not many days before a brisk and profitable trade was opened, very much to the delight of the aspiring Tobias, who, quite naturally, exhibited his gratitude for his benefactor by taking the one pound to the club room in St. James street, just one week from the time of his former visit. He inquired for Lord L——, who appeared soon after, as on the former occasion.

"My Lord, said Tobias, "I have brought you the pound, agreeable to promise, and I dare say you will not hesitate to act upon the precedent you gave me a short time ago."

"And pray, what was that?" demanded Lord L——.

"Forgive me, your lordship, but I think it was to the effect that he who receives the money shall stand treat, and, according to precedent, it falls upon you, you being this time the receiver."

"With all my heart," returned Lord L——, "if you will name some suitable place for the occasion."

"Willingly, your lordship; but I know of no better place than the Adelphi, and that, you know, is but a step or two. Shall we go?"

His lordship saw that he was fairly caught, and with a dolorous look he led the way once more to the Adelphi. When they were seated, he asked the innocent Tobias what he would take.

"If you will allow me to order it?" said Mr. Tobias, modestly.

"Do so, by all means," replied his lordship, who was seriously in hopes that the order would be for brandy and water for two.

"Waiter!" cried the excellent Tobias, with an air of dignity that suited the occasion, "a bottle of *Champagne de Sillery* and glasses for two."

Lord L—— accepted the butt of the joke, drank his wine, settled the bill and retired.

In precisely one week after, the indefatigable Tobias might have been seen wending his way from Bond street to St. James street, with the promissory one pound.

His lordship presented himself, but drew back suddenly upon beholding the amiable Tobias.

"My lord, I have brought you the one pound," said the punctual and ever-grateful Tobias.

"Look here!" cried Lord L——, gruffly, "I never saw you before. If you have a pound for me, you can take it to the devil for all I care!" and he abruptly closed the door in the astonished face of Tobias.

Mr. Tobias has since prospered to an extent which has already begun to warrant a coach-and-four in the mind of Mrs. Tobias; and, though he has met Lord L—— a thousand times since their last visit to the Adelphi, yet, strange to say, that nobleman has never recognised him either in person or through his solicitor. From last accounts, the Tobiases are still going up, and are seriously talking of spending the ensuing summer solstice either in Cheltenham or Brighton.

☞ The following dialogue is said to have taken place in the course of a Divinity examination at Cambridge University, England:—Question—What animal in Scripture is recorded to have spoken? Answer—The whale. Q.—To whom did the whale speak? A.—To Moses in the bulrushes. Q.—What did the whale say? A.—Thou art the man. Q.—What did Moses reply? A.—Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. Q.—What was the effect on the whale? A.—He rushed violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters.

Original Fables.

BY MRS. PROSSER.

INCONVENIENCES OF THE "HIGHFLOWN."

"Baa, baa!" cried the little lamb. "I've lost my mamma. Ah, who has seen my mamma? Baa, baa, baa!"

"Poor little heart!" cried an old Sheep that was busy nibbling the sweet short grass when the cry attracted her. "How long have you lost her, my dear?"

"Oh, a long, long time, and I can't find her anywhere. Baa, baa!" cried the little Lamb.

"Well, don't fret; I dare say she is not far off," said the kind old Sheep. "You look very tired; come and eat a bit of this nice grass, or lie down and rest, and I will go and look for her."

"Oh, thank you!" said the trembling Lamb, lying down at once.

"What is she like, my dear? Is she like *me?*" asked the old Sheep, as she turned to go on her search.

"Oh, dear, no!" cried the little Lamb, as if shocked at such an idea. "My mamma is so pretty; her fleece is as soft and as white as the clouds up there, and her eyes—oh, they are so beautiful!"

The old Sheep paused and looked thoughtful. "I don't remember ever to have seen one of our party like that, but I suppose I haven't taken notice enough. I shall be sure to know her at once *now* that you have described her," she said, and away she went.

She examined every sheep she met, but saw none a bit better looking than herself, so she passed all without asking if they had lost a little lamb.

"I am very sorry to tell you, my dear," she said, when she returned, "I am afraid they must have taken away your poor mother, for nowhere can I see her, and I have been all over the field."

"Baa, baa!" cried the little Lamb, piteously. At that minute a sheep appeared on the top of the bank under which the Lamb was lying, and cried out loud, "Baa-aa-aa!"

Up started the Lamb and skipped up the bank, crying, "Mamma, mamma! Oh, cruel Sheep, how could you say she was taken away from the field?"

"Cruel!" cried the Sheep, much surprised. "Why, how in the world was I to know that *that* was your *mamma*, after the description you gave? Learn to keep to sober truth; if you had not been so high-flown, I should have found her directly, and saved you pain and myself a world of trouble."

LET ANOTHER PRAISE THEE.

"What a wonderful fellow Mr. Blazes is," said Dull, the packhorse, to Conjurer, the old hunter.

"Blazes *wonderful, is he?*" said Conjurer.

"Oh, astonishing," replied Dull; "he was always considered the finest horse in the stud for symmetry and beauty; and then his swiftness in a race, his spirit and dexterity in leaping, his untiring strength; in short, his excellence in all ways was marvellous."

Conjurer did not reply, and Dull continued—

"And the prizes that his family have won, and the fame they have! Any bet may be made on the breed; they come off with flying colors from every field and course; unexampled success, and unfailing, attends them."

"Where did you get all this?" inquired Conjurer, who had his own opinion of the merits of Mr. Blazes and his breed.

"From the best possible authority," said Dull—"*himself.*"

"Ah, so I thought," said Conjurer. "Let me advise you, my good fellow, when you hear an account like this from an enemy, to believe it all; when you get it from a friend, to go half way with it; but when it comes from "the Wonder" himself, to take it for as much as it is worth, and that is nothing at all!"

THE POWER OF LOVE.

"What a horrible noise he makes!" said the Reeds.

"Horrible," said the Rushes.

"Like a bull bellowing," said the Reeds.

"Like a horse neighing," said the Rushes.

"He makes the very earth shake?" they exclaimed together.

"Ah, song beloved," said the bittern's mate; "harsh and dissonant to many, but sweetest music to me. How it rejoices my heart to listen to it!"

"Only hear her," whispered the Reeds to the Rushes. "Well, it only shows what love can do."

MINE OR THINE MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

There was a debate in the yard. Commodore, the old house-dog, was delivering himself on the merits of Tip's case, and the magpie, the stable-cat, and Crib, the terrier, were listening to him.

"I cannot say, my friends," he began, "that the punishment of our companion Tip seems to me to be a just one; and the cries that we recently heard following the blows he received grated very harshly on my ears."

His hearers looked much impressed, especially the magpie, who surveyed him attentively.

Flattered by this deference, he continued, "Far be it from me to defend the crime of theft; it is a disgraceful act in itself; but *then*, when it has to be judged, all the circumstances of the case should be taken into consideration. You understand me, Mag," (he added, a little severely,) "a thief, without palliating circumstance, is a despicable creature."

"Oh yes, sir, I understand," said Mag, demurely.

"Very well, then, let us put Tip's case. Here, as it might be," (pointing to a piece of meat that he was going to dine on,) "stood the butter-basket, full of the fresh-made luxury, which we all know is most delicious."

"Did cook ever give you any, sir? *I* couldn't have known that it was delicious if I hadn't made free with a pat or two," said Mag.

"That's an irrelevant question," said Commodore, rather confused. "I was saying that butter is delicious; and here stood the basket, *full* and uncovered, *most* inviting. Well, on the other hand, *there* stood Tip, exceedingly hungry, and having a particular love for nice things at all times; and where was the dairy maid, whose place it was to watch the basket? Alas for Tip, she was nowhere! Any one may supply the event. Tip fell beneath the clear opportunity and the strong temptation—and I confess, viewing the case dispassionately, I wish he had not stayed to take a second roll, and so got found out and thrashed!"

Quite satisfied with the effect he seemed to have produced, Commodore returned to take his dinner—but it was gone.

"It's down the drain by this time," said Mag. "I saw a rat at it—but you didn't like to be interrupted."

"The villain!" said Commodore, rushing to the drain. "Such a slice of liver I haven't had for this week or more. I'll make him pay for it; I'll have him!"

"Do but hear," said Mag. "I dare say he was much more hungry than Tip—and I'm sure you were quite as careless as the dairy maid. But nobody is to be trusted, however finely he may talk, where his own is concerned; dispassionate views and liberal principles won't stand against self-interest."

JUDGMENT VERSUS JUSTICE.

"Paddle," said the Cat, "can you tell me the difference between a fault and an accident? for I get kicked and cuffed at one time, and let alone at another, for the very same thing, and I should like to know what makes the difference between them."

"The difference, dear Tabby, is *this*," said Paddle: "if I, by mistake, took your dinner, it would be an accident—but if you took mine, it would be a fault; and it is just on that principle that Betty visits your misdemeanors with wrath or forgiveness."

WINES.—Dr. Dupre, lecturer on chemistry at Westminster Hospital, states in a paper on wine recently published that pure natural wine may be considered to have arrived at maturity at the end of from five to twelve years. In that time, he remarks, the slow chemical changes which bottled wine undergoes will have produced their best effect; and after that, "the wine no longer improves by keeping, except to the taste of a few would-be connoisseurs." But there are exceptions to this rule—namely, wines unusually rich in quality, and those which are "fortified" by alcohol. Such wines continue to improve up to the end of fifteen years.

☞ An Arizonia farmer wants to sell a small farm of fifteen hundred thousand acres.

☞ Social usages in Louisville are somewhat queer. A young man, the other day, put his hand in his pocket in order to find the key to his store, and give it to his partner; when the latter supposed he was feeling for a pistol, drew his own, and shot him dead.

☞ Map is merely an abbreviation *mappa*, the title given by the Romans to their *ludi circenses*, and other public games, the signal to commence which was given by Nero dropping his *mappa*, or handkerchief. As charts were then printed on linen, the *mappa* also gave its name to our familiar word "map."

☞ Into which one of the United States is a sentimental youth likely to go? Matrimony.

☞ The cheapest of lawyers—Keeping one's own counsel.

Success Tells its Own Story.—The immense demand for Burnett & Co.'s standard preparations for the toilet, in New York, has induced that celebrated Boston house to open a large and elegant branch establishment at 592 Broadway. Already the custom of the fashionable public seems to be drawn there. For example, among the thousands and one "dressings" for the hair, where can you find anything at all comparable to Burnett's COCOAINE? Every lady who has used it will join in the answer—"nowhere."—*Home Journal.*

☞ A gentleman residing at Malvern, in giving his experience of the recent earthquake in a letter to the Times naively states: "A policeman on the road not 100 yards from my house knew nothing of the shock or its accompaniments."

The idea that a mere earthquake is sufficient to arrest the attention of a policeman on his beat is rather too rich to be passed over without notice.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-cowtf

☞ Baron Rothschild left enough money to buy all New York city at its assessed value.

HUNT'S COURT TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.18. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

☞ Lady Lucan was heard to say a very neat thing to Mrs. Sheridan. "You must certainly be a very happy woman, madam, who have the felicity of pleasing the man that pleases all the world."

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS are peculiarly adapted to this season of the year, when coughs and colds are so prevalent. The Ointment allays all inflammation and irritation, while the Pills cleanse and invigorate the blood.

☞ The latest story about a dog with a soul, comes from Gloucester, Mass. An old family favorite, infirm and useless, yet cherished for memory's sake, was observed by a heartless wretch, who remarked, "That dog ought to be killed; he is not good for anything!" The animal looked mournfully up into the speaker's face, then taking a wistful gaze around the store, and at those present, deliberately walked out of the door to the railway, where he plunged into the water and was drowned.

Exuberant Health

Is a blessing vouchsafed to few. Even those who have been favored by nature with strong constitutions and vigorous frames are apt to neglect the precautions necessary to preserve these precious endowments. Indeed, as a rule, the more healthy and robust a man is, the more liberties he is inclined to take with his own physique. It is some consolation to the naturally weak and feeble to know that they can be so invigorated and built up, by a proper use of the means which science has placed at their disposal, as to have a much better chance of long life and exemptions from disease and pain, than the most athletic of their fellows who are foolish enough to suppose themselves invulnerable, and act accordingly.

It is not too much to say that more than half the people of the civilized world *need an occasional tonic*, to enable them to support the strain upon their bodies and minds, which the fast life of this restless age occasions. In fact, a *pure, wholesome, unexciting tonic* is the grand desideratum of the busy millions, and they have the article in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. It is a STAMINAL MEDICINE, i. e. it imparts permanent strength to weak systems and invigorates delicate constitutions. Its reputation and its sales have steadily increased. Competitive preparations have been introduced, *ad libitum*, and, as far as the public is concerned, *ad nauseam*, in the hope of rivaling it; but they have all either perished in the attempt, or been left far in the rear. It has been the *great medical success of the present century*, and it is quite certain that no proprietary medicine in this country is as widely known, or as generally used.

Ten lightning presses, running incessantly (Sunday excepted,) the whole year through, barely supply the demand for the Illustrated Almanac, in which the nature and uses of the preparation are set forth, the circulation now being over five millions a year. jan9-4t

☞ A new plan of giving large parties, without trouble to housekeepers and damage to furniture, carpets, &c., is coming into vogue. It is to take a hall where there is ample room for dancing, laying out refreshments and furnishing all the accessories of a regular party, and inviting friends there. The plan is considered an excellent one, and is likely to be extensively adopted. Several such parties have been held, and those who have given them are delighted to be able to get up the next morning and find their domestic arrangements undisturbed.

B. T. BABBITT'S ARTICLES OF EVERY DAY USE.

Family and *Toilet Soaps.* The very best.

Soap Powder. The great labor-saving compound.

Concentrated Potash. The ready soapmaker.

Saleratus, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated.*

Super Carb. Soda and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.

Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.

For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, and 43 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. BABBITT. feb23-1y

☞ There is a cave in Russia, not far from Orenburg, which possesses the remarkable character of being partly filled with ice in the summer, and totally destitute of it in the winter. The hotter the air outside, says Sir Roderick Murchison, the colder it is inside. Its property depends on the arrangements of the currents of air, and the principle that evaporation produces cold. Many years ago President Hitchcock applied the same principle to the explanation of the frozen well of Brandon, Vermont.

For Catarrh buy full Pint Bottles

of Wolcott's ANNIHILATOR, in white wrappers, $1. Wolcott's PAIN PAINT is also in white wrappers only. Sold at druggists. jan16-2t

☞ Carl Benson, being challenged to make a rhyme for velocipede, got off this impromptu:

"There was a man on a velocipede
Who said, 'I need not give my hoss a feed;
Without oats or hay,
He will go all day;
It's a cheap thing to keep a velocipede.'"

The Bowen Microscope,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed for* 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. F. BOWEN, Box 230, Boston, Mass. ja27-tf

☞ The new back-gammon—The Grecian bend.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st of Dec., by the Rev. J. B. Maddux, Mr. W. HENRY PARKER to Mrs. SALLIE H. SHARP, daughter of Mr. John Hanly, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Dr. Newton, Mr. EDWARD CAREY to Miss S. R. YEARLY.

On the 31st of Dec., by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. JOHN W. DEAR to Miss ANNIE LAMBERT, both of this city.

On the 23d of Dec., by the Rev. H. D. Kurtz, Mr. M. R. ASHEW to Miss EMMA J. LANING, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. GEORGE W. BALDWIN to Miss MAGGIE A. PORTER, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, JOHN Y. ODENHEATH to Miss JANE WOOD, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, FRANKLIN A., eldest son of Amor S. and the late Susan G. Redstreake, in his 21st year.

On the 12th instant, HARRIET C. PEALE, relict of the late Rembrandt Peale.

On the 13th instant, ROBERT B. ARRTSEN, in his 73d year.

On the 12th instant, CHARLES S., son of Wm. and Lucy A. Baldwin, in his 23th year.

On the 11th instant, LYDIA S., daughter of Robert and Lydia Owens, in her 25th year.

On the 16th instant, GEORGE A. BURLSFORD, in his 44th year.

On the 10th instant, CATHARINE FRANK, in her 82d year.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. HARRIET GIBBONS, in her 35th year.

On the 9th instant, MAGGIE A., wife of Wm. Vivian, in her 25th year.

On the 6th instant, JOHN WHEYLER, in his 32d year.

THE TWO MOTHERS.

THE AMERICAN MOTHER.

I.

In sunny girlhood's vernal life,
  She caused no small sensation;
But now the modest New World wife
  To others leaves flirtation.
She's young still, lovely, *debonnaire*,
  Although her charming features
Are saddened by a thought of care
  For those two tiny creatures.

II.

Each tiny, toddling, mottled mite
  Asserts with voice emphatic,
In lisping accents "*mine* is right;"
  Their rule is autocratic:
The song becomes, that charmed mankind,
  Their musical narcotic,
And baby lips, than Love she'll find
  Are even more despotic!

III.

Her lullaby, when singing there,
  And castles ever building—
Their destiny she'll carve in air,
  Bright with maternal gilding:
Young Clarence as an advocate—
  With speech profound and tender;
And round the happy Hattie's fate
  A coronet of splendor.

THE FRENCH MOTHER.

I.

She loves the *gaudin's* rapid stare,
  And praise from all beholders—
Adopts the latest tint in hair,
  And whitens thick her shoulders!
Her smiles are perfect works of art,
  And Wirth makes all her dresses;
Her love comes from a hollow heart—
  From Brittany her tresses.

II.

Her sallies and her *jeux d'esprit*
  Throughout the town are quoted,
For trenchant speech and repartee
  Madame is vastly noted.
She cares not for the love of girls—
  Nor minds if they deride her—
Her ponies equal Cora Pearl's,
  Her pearls out-Schneider Schneider!

III.

Her children she sees now and then,
  With tolerant compassion;
She p'raps may learn to love them when
  Maternity's the fashion.
A childlike kiss her bloom might spoil,
  The dimpled hand of Mignonne
In baby-play might chance uncoil
  The fabric of her *chignon*.

THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

CHAPTER XII.

SIR BRIAN.

I had past a few monotonous but peaceful days with Madge's kind face ever beside me, and then the doctor said divining the wish that burned in my constantly appealing eyes.

"Our young lady can have herself smartened and sit up for an hour to-day; and then I shouldn't wonder if we should have a visitor—almost as impatient to come as we are to receive him. Too impatient for prudence, your good uncle is, my dear, or we should not have needed to wait so long." Then he added, warningly, as my face glowed—"I won't allow of those flushing changes of color, it's not safe, my dear, not safe."

I strove to control my face and keep from it the sense of excited delight that I felt rising about my heart. I had not long to wait. Madge had gently lifted me into a great pile of cushions on castors, and wrapping up my feet well, had rolled me over to the great window in the east of my chamber.

The doctor had withdrawn for a moment, and she followed him to ask if I was to take the wine negus he had mixed for me.

Then I was left alone, and my heart beat higher and faster than I had ever felt it before. I looked up. Sir Brian was in the doorway, and he hurried towards me with outstretched arms.

"Uncle, dear uncle," I had said the words under my breath, a hundred times, and now they sprang boldly to my lips. I knew it was wrong, that I might risk offending him by speaking them, but they came without my power to repress them, and breathed in the tone that uttered them a life full of devotion and unchanging love. His reply was not in words, he stooped down and taking me in his arms, held me to his heart long and silently, and then sinking on the floor beside me, he laid his head upon my knees, and crossed my two poor, thin hands on its white hair.

"Speak, darling," he whispered, "speak again—say that your innocent young heart chooses me from all the world as your true, unalterable friend, to be trusted in next to Heaven, to be relied on beyond all the changing earth. Tell me you believe this, and I'll swear to you it shall be true."

In a wild, impassioned gush of half intelligible words, I poured out my hitherto restrained soul. I told him, sleeping or waking, his image was with me as all that represented love or tenderness; that I had never known either till I came to Fogarty, for Guy had never awakened or called for either; but that a new, happy life of contented and useful study was before me, and I should remember nothing dreary, having so much to enjoy."

He put his hand upon my lips.

"There is a change, dear," he said, softly, "I must recall your promise before I name it—to trust and rely on me beyond any living being—a great promise. Hear the rest. You are to go to France for a year, and live at a school in Lyons under the same teachers I thought to bring here for you. There is no appeal from this plan—it is the best. I have thought of it night and day for weeks, and tell you it is the best."

He paused quickly, and looked down to see my face; in an instant I drove from it every trace of disappointment I could command; and looked up clearly and gladly in spite of my tears.

"That's well, darling—you're a brave little lass," he said, fondly; "and now the sooner you are yourself again, fresh, rosy, little Honora, the happier I shall be to see you in a warm chariot that turns its back on Fogarty."

A look of pain, that I could not master, stole over my face, and I leaned my head low to hide a few hot, blinding tears. He whispered earnestly and eagerly, partly rising as he did so—

"It is for your sake, my darling, for your sake; and oh, what would I not do for that—"

"I cannot blame you for anything, Sir Brian," said the doctor, entering the room and putting on his riding cloak previous to departing. "There's an extra blush or two, but I think you have brought strength and health with you to our patient. So, Madge, my good woman, you may let your young lady stay up an hour yet."

A happy hour, during which my dear, dear uncle never left me. He spoke cheerfully, but only of such things as were bounded by the width and breadth of my sick room; of the night in the turret, or the funeral in the chapel, he never remotely hinted. By-and-bye he went away, kissing me fondly, and saying to Madge, as he lingered in the doorway,

"Take care of my precious child for me, Madge. Don't spare yourself in watching and nursing—and I will be grateful to you."

The soft and winning tone of this entreaty, as he preferred it, so affected Madge, that she was obliged to sit down, and letting her head sink forward between her shoulders, dropped her hands and fell to ruminating.

"Well, well, but it's an altered day wid ye, Sir Brian, whin ye spake in that tinder way. A newborn babe it is ye are, an' not the tirrible ould knight wid the thundering words that Denny Finn was the only one that could stand before, God be praised, Miss. Fifteen or sixteen long years the ould place has lay under a cloud; we all felt it, though none ov us could tell where it sprung or what light could iver shine through it. It seems to be breaking away at last, an' a blink ov clear sky is let in on us. God speed yer purty white hands, if it's them that's wipin' it off."

I grew stronger every day, and so I told Sir Brian, who, though he smiled gayly, would sigh afterwards and say, softly,

"Yes, yes, the time must come, and it had better be soon."

Without a word to me, early one morning Madge began to open the presses, and taking out my dresses spread them silently on a couch, then sitting down beside them she busied herself in looking over them carefully. I felt the time of separation was coming, and rising quickly, went to the window to hide my flushing cheek and tearful eyes. Presently a tap at my door, and Denny and his comrade, as he called the old man he brought with him to Pasco, entered, carrying two trunks between them, which they placed on the floor, then Denny fell to sighing, and occasionally glancing towards me. At last he said—

"I niver would make so bould as to mention it, Miss, but Sir Brian says I'm to go wid you; an' would I be makin' too free, if I entrated ye to put in yer word for this poor boy here, that's used to me an' me to him, and maybe Sir Brian will let him go over wid me to furrin parts."

I promised him to do what I could, and leaving Madge and him whispering over the packing, I went down the great staircase for the first time since I had been so ill. At the first step I grew a little dizzy, and holding on by the balustrade I began to descend slowly and without looking before me. I knew the instant I started where I longed and wished to go, but I feared to acknowledge the design lest my sense of duty to Sir Brian might rise in opposition. It was so long a staircase, and I still so weak and unused to exertion, that I had to concentrate my mind on the effort to accomplish it at all. Following the windings of the great hall to the left, I came upon a broad, dark door, arched and opened in the centre. I stepped in and looked about me. I was not deceived; it led to the chapel, and I was standing in its threshold. A small but very lofty one; it exceeded anything I had ever seen in massive carving and tall, richly colored windows. Standing awe struck and full of admiration, I wondered why this solemn portal had never opened before the simple worshippers at the castle, and why they had to go away down to the lower village for Sunday. The answer, though I could not tell if it were the right one, struck my mind. Neill was a priest, and it was Sir Brian's will to thwart him from officiating. The high altar glowed with lights and flowers; and the vault door leading under the chancel was almost lost in garlands. The rich carving struggled to show a saint's head under a wreath;—great purple pansies, and roses, and violets, and heavy breathed jasamine made a glowing garden of the door of the gothic vault.

CHAPTER XIII.

A WARNING.

I would be most wearisome should I set down all the strange and contradictory thoughts that crowded into my mind as I stood before the flower-covered door of the tomb. No name or cipher was upon it, and the golden hair and Sir Brian's grief seemed part of the light and perfume that surrounded it, while the vision of old Donohue's handsome black-haired daughter put them all to flight. I had marvelled and pondered so much over what seemed inexplicable in my life, that sometimes I would suddenly lose the power of thinking clearly, and then I would wildly clasp my head as if to stay the flight of my departing reason. But, thank heaven, I was too young and buoyant to fear anything beyond a temporary distraction, and day after day my speculations would renew themselves, always to end as they had begun. Now I ceased to struggle with the knot I could not untie, and awed by the solemn scene around me, stood still drinking in the fragrance and the death-like stillness that filled the place like a presence. Presently I felt rather than heard a movement near me. For a moment I did not stir, so strong was the influence of the place in which I stood, but by-and-by a dread I could not define of being found there by any one, induced me to glance over my shoulder, and to start back and tremble, when I found Neill Fogarty within the shadow of the great door-way. As he caught my eye he smiled upon me, till his beautiful face looked almost radiant, but whatever his reason was, he entered the chapel no farther. I turned and walked towards him, and he moved his position, so that he should confront me, and then he held out his hand. I gave him mine a little reluctantly, but still I gave it to him. I had been ill, and sickness with me has always been a powerful softener of harsh asperities of memory. Somehow he scarcely seemed himself, he was always pale, so it was not the want of color changed his face. I could not tell what it was, but I knew its smooth surface was broken, and that his voice had not its usual sustained sweetness of tone.

"My pretty little lady's pale to-day," he said. "Is it true what they tell me about your having a long fever and frightening every one by being delirious?"

"Yes, I have been very ill," I answered, "but I'm getting strong and well again, for I have been carefully nursed and attended to."

"So you should be," he said smiling, and having passed out the door of the chapel, and standing in the great hall together, I saw the change I spoke of gradually die out of his face and manner, and noted the old charm of studied interest and tenderness steal back again.

"So they cared well for you, did they?" he added. "That was as it should be; there is but one fair lady in old Fogarty, and she should be prized. But what is this I hear about your going away?" he asked suddenly. "I thought Sir Brian meant to make us all young again with gay doings, and that we were to have all the masters and mistresses of all the known arts to make Fogarty ring with new and old languages like a Babel."

I was neither wise nor amiable, or I should not have flushed scarlet with anger at his words, nor have said tauntingly, watching his face as I did so,

"How did you discover that I was going? Did you tell Sir Brian, or did he tell you?"

He looked at me quickly and smiled. I should have taken warning from that smile, but it roused and maddened me.

"What sort of man are you?" I cried; "you play with peoples' hearts; you deal in suspicion, watching and plotting; an' neither boldly ask what you wish to know, nor believe truth when you hear it. God knows what the foundation may be for all this structure of gloomy and disquieting doubt, but that it is a black and terrible one, I am well assured."

He looked at me smiling still, but I saw, or thought I saw, that my words had struck him, and I went on.

"You have made Sir Brian wretched by your dark insinuations; you have accused me of a knowledge of some dreadful mystery, and have striven to exile me from my only home. Why is this? Have you done me or mine some fearful wrong, and does its recollection make you my enemy? I can never, in word or look, have earned your anger or persecution, it is all like yourself a mystery."

Smiling still, he listened courteously and eagerly to all I had to say, and this, if I had possessed a shadow of discretion, should have sealed my lips, but the thought of what I had heard him utter against me swelled in my heart, and to keep silent seemed impossible, as I stood under his mocking look. Now, however, I had exhausted myself, and panting and trembling with the excitement I had undergone, I turned up the stairs. He followed me with an air of quiet deference, and stood in my way bowing low.

"Is there anything you have forgotten, little lady?" he asked in a soft, low tone.

"Nothing," I cried, turning fiercely upon him. "Nothing, except come what will, and do what you may, I shall never fear you." I spoke loudly and harshly, with but little, I dare say, of a gentlewoman in my voice or mien. He looked at me curiously an instant, bowed again, and stood uncovered for me to pass up before him. I think I had been hoping he would attack me violently in some way, and this determined gentleness was inexpressibly galling to me. I neither glanced round nor listened for his footsteps till I reached my own door, but when I got there I found that he had not followed me, and then somehow the excitement that had sustained me gave way, and I went in weak and panting, and sank into a chair. Madge was at my side in a moment.

"What is it, alana?" she cried. "What is it, at all, at all, that has taken the color out ov yer face and made ye trimble like a lafe in the wind?"

"I have walked too much. I am not quite strong yet," I answered faintly.

"It's quare love in Sir Brian to be sindin' ye off in this state to a furrin place, an' it's mesilf will tell him so thin. Shure yer not fit to go on a ship. Oh, worra, worra! what is it at all that drives ye away when we were all thinkin' ye were goin' to do so much good to the ould castle."

My heart smote me for my broken promise to Sir Brian. Was this the way to love and trust him above all earthly beings, to sit silent while a servant questioned his motives and actions in my presence?

"Madge," I said hastily, "I am not what I should be in accomplishments and learning. I do not do Sir Brian credit as he is anxious I should. There has been so much time lost in my education, that I am almost a woman now, without a woman's graces or knowledge. My dear friend has sought the best plan to repair this error, and finds it in an excellent French school, where I shall be taught everything in the best manner. This is why I should lose no time in going, and the voyage you dread will be the best of tonics for my weak health."

The good creature's face was so sad and full of foreboding in spite of my cheerful tone, that I went on earnestly,

"Do not imagine I shall leave the dear old Reefs or you, Madge, even for a year, without bitter regret. It and all around it has been so pleasant, and so suddenly endeared to me, that it has become my only home. The year I spend away from it seems like a dream of exile, while it is a reality of firm and lasting love."

I tried to take away the hands with which Madge covered her face; the tears began to trickle through them, and mine fell in unison. Denny Finn tapped at the door, and waiting an instant, entered to find us thus. He seemed very much disturbed, and looked at first at Madge and then at me in evident embarrassment. Thinking he had forgotten the message that had been intrusted to him I said gently,

"What is it, Denny; did Sir Brian send for me?"

"No, no, Miss, Sir Brian is off since early mornin', but I was thinkin' maybe ye'd like to take a pot of pinks or some Fogarty flowers wid ye, an' if ye would, maybe ye'd come down the lingth of the garden an' point it out to me, an' I'll have it put in order for ye."

There was a great deal too much nervous earnestness in Denny's tone to be entirely referable to so slight an affair. I looked up at him and found him making strange movements with his features, that were so confusing and distressing, that I was obliged to look another way. I thought an instant, and then said,

"You were kind to think of it, Denny. Shall I go with you now to the garden and show you the flowers I like best?"

I was right in thinking there was something behind Denny's words, for he sprang eagerly at my acceptance.

"Orra thin will ye plase till come this minit, Miss? Shure ye'll not be kept waitin' by me, for if ye'll put yer hand out to the flower it's all I'll ax of ye."

I took up a light scarf Madge placed beside me, and followed him. As I crossed the threshold he whispered:

"Kape speakin' ov the flowers as ye go down the stairs," in a tone that was full of warning entreaty.

I took his advice, and going before him told him there was a pink under the great trees that I thought the most beautiful I had ever seen, and wondered if it was any one's especial favorite, or if I might take it for mine. The old man was strangely excited, and answered confusedly, I thought; but in a moment or two we stood out in the open garden, and placing himself near me, as if he were pointing to the flower bed at our side he began, first looking stealthily all around us:

"For the love of God, Miss Honora, don't leave Fogarty. I have me raisons for what I say, though me tongue's tied; but I beg and pray ov ye on me bended knees don't lave Fogarty. Yis, yis," he cried, interrupting me, as I was going to speak, "I know what yer going to say. It's not yer own wish to go, but Sir Brian's will that takes ye. Miss Honora, dear, fur yer own sake and his I entrate ye to cross his will this onct, an' trust to what I tell ye; he'll bliss ye for it when the time comes that he'll know the raison. Look down on the ground, don't be movin' yer hand to me, but jist watch the flowers an' take heed of what I tell ye. If ye go after this warning, ye'll wring the hearts of thim that prizes ye above all the world. If ye take the coorse I point out to ye an' stay, even if ye brave the passin' anger of Sir Brian, ye'll be sparin' him black trouble in the ind! black trouble in the ind!"

Suddenly Denny dropped on his knees beside a bed of pinks, over which I had, obedient to his entreaty, extended my hand.

"An' ye think this is the purtiest, now," he said, smiling innocently up at me. "Well, ivery one has their taste; but if I was choosin', thim wid the rid flowers is the ones I would be takin'."

"Miss Honora is a lady, Denny, and has a lady's taste," said a soft voice directly at my shoulder.

I think I shuddered a little to find the speaker so near, but I moved around so as to face him, and merely said to Denny:

"Yes, those are the pinks I like best."

"And yet," persisted Neill, smiling on me like an embodiment of false beauty as he was, "and yet I do not trace the keen, detective eye, the strangely penetrating power that distinguishes my little lady, here."

He raised some leaves and showed me a long dark worm that had eaten them into shreds, and was winding itself down the stem. He looked up at me inquiringly as he did so, and seemed to wait.

Don't take it, Denny," I said. "It will not live while you transplant it."

Neill looked at it critically.

"You are hasty again," he said. "It is merely blighted for the time; if any one would take this away," he motioned towards the worm, "it might revive, it might revive."

I left him watching the odious creature, that he made no effort to brush aside, and walked down the plat, looking for another pink. Denny stayed near Neill until I called him to me. There was quite a little space between us and him, and I tried to speak, but he made some frantic gestures to dissuade me that showed me he feared Neill, and could not be induced to make a sound whilst he was within watching distance. He transplanted the flower I indicated silently; and finding I could not make him speak, I left him and walked slowly towards the castle. I passed Neill, still stooping over the doomed pink, and he gave me a smiling glance as I went by that made me shudder. I was to go down that day to dinner in the great room where I had not sat for so long. Carefully Madge arrayed me in my most becoming dress, and my hair was brushed and curled until it seemed impossible that one single thread of it should be out of order. I was very tired under all this embellishment, and evinced a desire to lie down, that drove poor Madge wild.

"Orra would ye now," she cried, "whin ye're a born pictur' ov beauty, an' me heart jist broke wid makin' ye so? Kape up, Miss, darlint. See now, take a drap ov wine. The doctor was sevare on me wid ordhers that ye should, and ye niver let it to yer lips since his back's turned."

I accepted the wine as a condition of peace between Madge and me, for she really began to look hostile. I found it strengthening, and under its influence kept my head from drooping and my curls from ruin until the summons to dinner came. I sprang up joyfully to obey it, for I had not seen Sir Brian all that day, and I hoped that he would call me into his library and that I should have the opportunity to speak on the subject of Denny's warning. Of course I did not mean to tell Sir Brian what the old man had said, for I knew that whatever they might be he had some motives for keeping the affair a secret; but I intended discovering if I could the reason that there should be any fear or danger connected with my leaving Fogarty. I had had this in my mind all the hours I sat by my window preserving the work of Madge's hands and her good humor by keeping my head upright. Now I hastened towards the door, turning at that good soul's earnest request to afford her another glance at my faultless hair, and laughing gayly at her hearty admiration of it. As I threw open the door, Sir Brian stood there, his hand raised as if about to knock.

"I came," he said, "to take my dear child down to dinner, and I find her with the brightest of May-day faces on. That's well, that's well, Madge, you're a noble soul, and have done much to please me. I don't forget these things. You'll find I don't forget."

He took my hand and drew it through his arm and led me down the great stairway as if I had been an empress. At the table Neill was already seated, but he rose when we entered and stood until we all sat down together.

"Denny," said Sir Brian, "what have you been digging up the pinks for? I saw you putting a potted one in the hall as I came in from my ride."

"For Miss Honora, Sir Brian," briefly responded Denny, and said no more.

"Denny," said Neill, suddenly, "don't sail on Thursday, it's bad luck. Wait till sundown on Friday or Saturday morning. Thursday is a wretched day to choose."

"I suppose ye know, Mr. Neill, that messengers neither choose their time nor road, and I am neither master of the ship nor on a voyage for pleasure." Denny spoke shortly, and neither looked at the person he addressed nor any one else.

Neill sighed softly and answered:

"I suppose not, Denny, I suppose not. But it's a bad day, nevertheless, and I wish I could alter it." Here he sighed again, and looking sadly downward he murmured, "God knows I should feel for any one whose hands are tied, whatever the thong may be that binds them."

He had scarcely broken bread, but he arose and with a slight inclination of his head passed by where we sat and left the room. It was not Sir Brian's custom ever to glance toward his brother, or in any way appear conscious of his presence, but I saw that on this occasion he was disturbed by what he had done and lost the thread of his conversation, and fell into a constrained silence. As I hoped, he called me to follow him into his library as soon as dinner was over, and closed the door carefully behind me.

"Now," he said very gently and tenderly, holding both my hands in his and looking down upon me, full of fondness and affection, "what does my little Honora want to say? This is the last night we shall be together for a long time; a dreary long time it will be to me, lass."

"Do I go to-morrow?" I faltered.

"Yes," he answered, quickly; "if it could have been earlier it would have pleased me better. You cannot go too soon. When the sea rolls between us you will be safe and I shall be at peace, not till then."

Denny's warning was in my mind, and I drew close to his ear.

"Why is it?" I whispered. "Will you not tell me why I am to go? I feel safe beside you, but I have a presentiment that leaving you I rush into danger."

For a moment he seemed to lose the lofty dignity that held his noble features passive; they worked as if in pain; his right hand was outstretched and clenched.

"Child," he cried in a deep, husky tone, "do I not tell you that I have him here that I can watch him? I can make him shrink before me when there's evil in his eye. I have a trembling sword to hold above him that he fears; but you—oh no, I cannot trust you here. You may sicken any day and die before my eyes. Good God, how many deaths there are that may be brought upon you in all his subtle knowledge, and I have no power to save or to avenge you. You must go, Honora."

He had said that which it pained him to recall, and having uttered it he shrunk from me and waved me off. I stood irresolute a moment, then I looked towards him and he held out his hand.

"You could not trust me, darling; it was folly to demand such reliance; but had you felt it, we both would have been saved much bitterness and pain. Good-night and good-by."

"Shall I not see you again?" I cried, clinging about his neck and weeping.

"I cannot tell. I may be away; you know my business now; I cannot let him from my sight till you are out at sea."

"Why did he urge Denny not to sail on Thursday?"

I turned from the door just as I was leaving to ask this, partly because it had that moment crossed my mind, and partly because I feared there might be something in it that Sir Brian had overlooked. He shook his head.

"I never take any heed of his words," he said, "it is enough to watch his actions."

CHAPTER XIV.

A SURPRISE.

The same coach that had brought me to Fogarty, stood at the gate to carry me away. It was nearly noon; all Madge's packing was finished, all the trunks were strapped in their place, and nothing remained for me but to say good-bye to the people of the castle. They crowded the hall waiting for me to pass out; old Donohue and his wife, Mrs. Maloney, Thady, and them all, and I made but a poor faint at being calm and quiet. Every fresh "God bless ye, Miss!" or "the love ov the saints attend ye!" brought the tears raining over my face, and made my voice more and more inarticulate. At last, when Madge fairly threw herself at my feet and hugged my knees, praying blessings on my future way, I broke down entirely, and tearing myself from her, sprang into the chariot and buried my face in its cushions. Neill's voice made me raise my head—he was standing on the steps, his face in the doorway.

"You would go on Thursday, in spite of luck. Brave little Honora, to defy fortune—a perfect little heroine. Good-bye, pretty little lady." He took my hand, bowed over it and kissed it with the smiling gallantry of a cavalier, and then stepped back, while Denny closed the door, and clambering into his seat beside Tim, we rattled away. But Neill was not the last face I saw in Fogarty. Oh, no—lifting my eyes for a farewell look at my old room, my heart bounded with joy; at the great east window, its curtains all thrown back, stood Sir Brian, his hand raised as if to salute me, and a smile upon his face—and thus I saw him till the winding road blotted the Reefs out of the landscape—and thus I saw him in my dreams for many a day to come.

We had reached the seaport, and were stopping at an inn, in the parlor of which I had been alone for hours, when Denny Finn came in with a perturbed face, and told me he was flusthered.

"For ye see, Miss," he explained, "I find a man here wid instructions from Sir Brian, and they put me out intirely. Sure I thought we was jist to walk intil the ship from the shore, an' I find she's laying away out in the strame."

"Well, well, Denny," I urged, "that will not trouble us much, they will take us out there in a boat, I suppose; but who is the man?"

"Well, he's no more nor no less than the brother of the young lady who kapes the school; and they have tuck sich a fancy to any one Sir Brian riccominds, that he comed over to convey ye himself, an' got to Fogarty jist as we was laving the lower town."

"They were very kind to send him, Denny. Their interest must have made Sir Brian happy, in thinking how well I shall be cared for."

"Yis, I suppose so," said Denny; "but I wish in my heart the vessel lay at the shore."

I was tired, very tired, for I had slept but little the night before; and when Denny left me, which he did, grumbling about the position of the ship, I lay down on the sofa and slept till night-fall, when I was suddenly awakened by a foreign looking person who said he was the brother of my future teacher,

and the boat was waiting for us. Would I allow him to assist me. My baggage was all on board, etc. I rose hurriedly, put on my hat and veil, and took up the little reticule I carried, and was ready to follow him. We left the inn. It was a little after twilight, and I took his offered arm, for we had but a step or two to go to the landing. There a boat with three rowers awaited us. I stepped in and looked about for Denny and Tim.

"They are in the ship," said the foreign person, watching my eyes, "they went on board with your things an hour ago."

I said no more, but sat silent as we cut through the darkening waters and reached the side of a smaller, darker looking craft than I had been led to suppose the French packet would be. I did not feel any right to question anything, however, and I clung to the ladder that was lowered, and gained the deck.

"This way," said a new voice belonging to the ship it seemed, and I followed a man in a sailor's dress who led the way to the cabin. It was a rough looking place, with a coarse curtain hung in the centre, closing off the upper end which my guide told me was to be my own apartment.

A very poor place it seemed to me then, perhaps because I had been spoiled by luxury, but I really shrunk from the accommodation it offered. A berth, with tawdry curtains, and but little bedding, a gay, but discolored mat upon the floor, a little pine stand fixed in the wall, with a crucifix above it, and two old straw chairs, that was all. A little lamp already lighted swung from the ceiling, and I sat down to await the appearance of Denny and his friend. They did not come, but in their stead I heard the sound of the raising of the anchor, the shifting and hoisting of the sails, and the singing and halloing of the sailors. We were on our way, and weary and oppressed, I threw aside my bonnet and cloak, and wrapping myself in a shawl, threw myself on the bed to rest while I waited for the appearance of my companions.

I must have been too weak for journeying, or else Sir Brian's disclosures the last night at the Reefs must have weighed too heavily on my mind; at any rate, I tossed that live-long night from side to side in my narrow bed, with no distinct idea of where I was or whither I was going. Morning brought me partial consciousness, also pain and thirst that was almost intolerable. The sailor that had led the way before me the previous night came and waited on me; he gave me drink that was cooling, and seemed to lessen the fever that I was in, so that I lay quiet. I asked for no one, I cared for no one. I was oppressed by a dull sinking at the heart, and an exhaustion that left me without power or thought. This did not last. I took a bitter drink daily from my sailor nurse that helped me to rally, and at last I was struck with wonder at Denny's absence and spoke of it. The sailor, the person I had seen, knew nothing of them. I asked for the brother of the ladies at Lyons—he was equally unknown. I grew wild and distracted. I begged to see some one, crying out that "something was wrong. I must know all about it; I must see the captain; I must—" The sailor interrupted me. "We were near land," he said. "We would go ashore at sundown, and then the Senorita could see her friends."

He was a Spaniard and spoke no other language, but he seemed well disposed toward me; and, sick and wretched as I was, I had no choice but to wait. It may have been from my excessive weakness, I cannot tell, but I slept nearly all the time, and my attendant awoke me when the ship was anchored, and everything seemed very still. There was but little light in my curtained room, and he lighted the swinging lamp and helped me to dress, telling me that a carriage was waiting for me on the shore. I found it difficult to stand, but he assisted me very aptly, and helped to wait on me as if he had been trained a lady's maid. I was very chilly, and so he wrapped me closely, and almost carried me out and down the ship's side to a little boat. I let my head drop on his shoulder as he sat beside me, for I could not hold it up, and I never once cast my eyes about me till we reached the shore. An old clumsy chariot stood there, and its form seemed familiar to me as they lifted me in, as did the sound of the people's voices that surrounded me. It was not night, although it had been dark in the ship; a red light lingered over the hills beyond the town. Strangely their forms struck my mind as something I had seen and known before, but I was not strong enough to trace the thought that seemed the memory of a dream; on we went over a rough road, it seemed, for I slept and woke, and slept again, till suddenly we came upon a smooth, noiseless road, and I knew nothing more of the journey. I awoke with a light falling directly on my face, and piercing my eyelids. I was lying on a hard couch, it seemed, for my bones ached, and I was cold and numb. Some one stooped over me with a lamp. I saw the outline of the form, and recognized the familiar shape of a long, loose monk's robe. Suddenly, as if a flash of lightning had shown it me, I saw a face—a face I never could forget, bending above me, close to mine, with its fearful quiet that defied a reading eye, like a bottomless well of silent water. It was Father Bertram, and I was in the convent of Pasco.

CHAPTER XV.

SISTER ANNUNCIATA.

An indefinable terror seized me; all my dormant faculties awoke and took the form of dread. Courage and self-control forsook me, and nothing but hopeless desperation remained in their stead. I threw myself on the floor at the priest's feet, and caught his robe between my clasped hands.

"Oh, Father Bertram," I cried, "send me home at once. I came here by some strange mistake, and Sir Brian will be distracted until he knows I am safe. I should be in France now. Denny and Tim, his oldest and most trusty servants, were sent to take me there. I cannot tell how we were separated, I was too ill to think. There is some wickedness in it, but I cannot see through it. Only send me back at once. Oh, send me back, or I shall die!"

I sank back upon the stone floor and began to cough as if I were choking or smothering. Somebody raised me gently; it was not the priest, although I had seen no one else in the room. My sight seemed failing and fading, but still I could discern his tall figure bending over me, and could hear his low sustained voice, whispering—

"As I told you, sister, she is quite astray. These things happen in lighter fevers than the one from which she suffered. Quiet and the peace and the balm of religion will soothe and strengthen her wandering mind."

It was a woman held me; I knew it by the small, firm hand that grasped my own, and

IN THE GARDEN.

the low, half-conquered sigh that swelled the bosom on which my powerless head fell back. A superstitious reliance on instinct had always been part of my character, and weak and half-conscious as I was, a feeling that I might trust in the unknown woman that supported me, dawned in my mind before I had even looked upon her face. I saw it presently. I should have thought so at once, but that when I looked about me I found the room had changed for a smaller one with a bed in it, on which I was lying, and that we two were alone together. She held with one hand a warm, spicy drink to my lips, and with the other supported me whilst I swallowed it. She was a handsome woman, dressed in the garb of the sisters, not young nor happy looking, and with something of the impassiveness of the priest in her quiet face, but still with something else that did not belong to the place or him about her that made me put out my hands and draw her close to me and kiss her colorless cheek in silent thanks for her care. I had never seen her before, I felt assured of that. The sisters had passed me again and again on their way to and from the chapel when I was Sister Leoda's pupil, and hers was not a face to be forgotten. The more I watched it the more its beauty impressed me.

"Sister, do you know me?" I asked her as her eyes returned my steady gaze with the look of one who tries to fix some wandering memory in her mind. "I have been a convent pupil here for years, but I do not recall your face."

"I am new to Pasco," she answered, speaking for the first time, and increasing by her voice the indefinable sense I had of having some time seen a picture that was like her. "I come from the Sacred Heart in the mountains, beyond Santander, when Sister Leoda died. There were children to be taught, and ever so small a pittance is needed here where the revenue is so little."

It was most unusual for a sister to speak beyond monosyllables, and I regarded my new friend with surprise and pleasure. I thought of the stolid grimness of poor old Sister Leoda, that had seemed to me like the spell of some awful enchantment, when day after day as a little child I used to sit before her conning my tasks and inwardly connecting her with all the old Spanish stories that I had read and dreamed over.

I was beginning to ask the new sister if she had ever seen my poor old teacher, when a slight glance from her great bright eyes silenced me, and I saw Father Bertram standing in the doorway.

"Quiet and better, I see," he said, glancing toward the bed, but not looking at me.

"Much better," she answered.

"Will you stay with her for the night?" he asked.

Her face wore an expression of such complete indifference as she answered, "As you will," that my heart sank within me.

He paused a moment, and then said slowly, "It would be well, I think. They kept a watch over her at home—a restless, nervous being at the best, she is scarcely to be trusted now. I see nothing to fear, but I will be within call."

He raised his hands and bowed his head over us in parting benediction, and left the room. I lifted myself on my arm and motioned the sister to come near. She only answered by the same glance she had given me before, and seating herself at the head of the couch, crossed her arms and slightly bent her head without once glancing toward me again. In a few minutes Father Bertram returned without a sound to give warning of his approach, and stood in the doorway again.

"Did you call me?" he asked in a whisper.

"No, father," she returned in the same tone, and he departed.

For a little while my attendant sat still. Then suddenly taking up a little book, she opened it as if to read, but laying a slip of paper between the leaves, she took a pencil from her gown, and wrote upon it hurriedly. I watched her eagerly, for since she had given me the drink the torpor that weighed me down so long seemed gone, and I was alive to every movement made around me. It was for me. She placed the lamp on a bracket just above my head, and folded the clothes up about my chest, leaving a space in which she dropped the writing, so that I could read it without raising my arms. It ran thus, "You came from Fogarty. Speak about it. Say anything you will. Talk in English; be indistinct sometimes as if your mind wandered. The Reefs and all belonging there are dear to me." She stood by me while I read the words, smoothing and replacing the covering, and when I had finished she twisted the paper and thrust it up into her hair under her hood. I was frightened by what had just happened. I turned quickly and looked at her. The handsome face, whose brilliant eyes were downcast and expressionless, gave me no clue. I tried to accomplish the difficult task of recalling every word Madge had ever said to me to see if any one were even named whose description would identify this dark-eyed nun. No, not one; for an instant the name of Nell Fogarty, the golden-haired Rose of the Reefs, flashed up like a light in the darkness, but it died out as my eyes caught a glimpse of those black locks that were smoothed away under the head-dress of the nun. I was silent with all this tangle of conjecture to loosen, and she looked towards me inquiringly.

"Sir Brian—shall I tell you of him?" I whispered.

She gave me a glance that said "yes, yes; him of all others," and that look opened my eyes. Mindful of her warning I never raised my voice, and I spoke in a tone that none but a strained and listening ear could understand, but she heard it all. I told her of his noble beauty, of his generous nature, of his tenderness to me, of the devotion of all around him, and still murmuring his praises I sank into a blessed slumber, with those luminous eyes still beaming on me, and drinking in every word I uttered.

Waking in the morning I found that I could rise; that with the exception of being still weak and somewhat dizzy when I attempted to walk, there was no trace of illness left about me. I was alone, and looked for my dress, which the sister had placed on a little table at the foot of the bed the night before. It was gone, and in its place was the black serge robe of a novice, the head-dress, the girdle, and the pendant cross. Before these garments I stood in a motionless, bewildered state, when the sister, who seemed to me as the only hope I had to cling to, entered the cell, and bowing in salutation, pointed earnestly to the apparel my impulse had rejected, and helped me to put it on and fastened the rosary in its place. The bell began to sound, and without speaking she drew me after her into the passage leading to the chapel. Other sisters, whose faces I had known all my life, passed us on the way with a faint smile of recognition, and leaning or holding by the arm of my conductress, I reached it too. I knew the service, and had little to learn in the routine of matins or vespers, but everything without being new was inexplicably strange to me, and while my lips mechanically chaunted the words my mind was busy with the problem of why I was brought there; how I should escape; who was the lady who knew and loved Fogarty, and was there any hope of appealing to Father Bertram. This last surmise brought its own answer with it. No, of all hopeless things, the idea of altering a plan of Father Bertram's, or weaning him from a fixed purpose, seemed the most hopeless. Silently I returned to my room, and took my seat beside the little coffin-like bed. I clasped my hands and bowed my head in agony of soul. My striving to understand and solve the mystery that surrounded my return to Pasco had been productive of a rush of wretched homesick longings for the one friend and hope of my life. Why did he let me leave him? Why did I in my blind obedience yield to his command? Denny's warning and Neill's prediction that Thursday was a luckless day flashed upon me. Could Neill be to blame when he had tried to dissuade me? I was thinking and torturing myself with regrets at my own folly, reproaches for my haste in embarking without the presence of the two men my uncle had chosen as my protectors, when Father Bertram's voice reached me, speaking from the passage without.

"Sister Annunciata, I am going to the house of Paula, the fisherman; his youngest child lies dying, and I am sent for. You will attend upon the young sister—there is still occasion for the cordial I prepared."

The voice of Sister Annunciata was that of the handsome nun. She simply said,

"Yes, Father," but made no haste to join me. Presently she appeared at the door, and coming up to me quickly, kissed me with a tender troubled face that had nothing cold or studied about it.

"We have a little time," she said, "Father Bertram is gone; no one else knows English; you can speak freely. Tell me of him. Why did he send you here?"

She seated herself and fixed her eyes keenly on me.

"Who?" I asked, breathlessly.

She waved her hand impatiently.

"Neill Fogarty," she said, bitterly; "who would do or mean you harm, but he?"

Without a second's pause to consider the advisability of confiding or the fear of being mistaken, I dropt into a seat at her side, and excitedly and without taking time to arrange the narrative in any concise form, told her everything that happened to me at Fogarty.

Her eyes never left off holding mine in their steady fixed light—nor did she utter a word or make a motion but once. It was when I told her of the grand midnight burial of bonny Bell Donohue; then she said, "Great Heaven, how strange!" and shuddered from head to foot; but after that she heard me through without a word.

When I had finished, she put her arms about me, and drew me so close to her that my cheek lay against her lips, then she whispered these words—

"I am not of your blood, but I am bound to you and yours as strongly as if I were. Your love is my love; your hate is my hate. I will right you, if I live till the time comes and you trust me." She held my face off at a little distance, and looked at it. "Yes," she said, "I see you do;" and then she laughed, not a wicked, bitter laugh, nor yet a mirthful one—it was more like the sound of astonishment with which one would hail something curious and beyond all expectation. "And so, Neill Fogarty," said she, "you thought Pasco a grave to bury the living and the dead; but graves have voices it seems, and there is a strange one here."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A YEAR'S WORK.

I.

Sitting beside the casement
  In the chill October day,
While Twilight, wrapped in her misty veil,
  Was sobbing her life away;
Hearing the tinkle of the beck,
  And the chirp of the lingering bird,
And the whistle of the home-bound hind,
  And the low of the distant herd;
Watching the red leaves flouting down
  From the branches one by one;
Thinking of all that a year could do,
  Of all that a year had done.

II.

Sweet as an April morn it rose,
  The love that had failed so soon,
Strewing her path with bright May flowers
  Brilliant and warm as June.
It drooped in August's fervid smile,
  It fell like the year's last rose;
She will scarcely trace its resting-place,
  'Neath December's coming snows.
The blossoms will bloom into life again
  At the call of the summer sun,
But nor time nor tide can undo for her
  What a single year has done.

III.

Sitting beside the casement
  Till the stars gleam through the firs,
The large tears dropping, slow and cold,
  On those folded hands of hers.
They glitter as bright in the red firelight
  As the diamond that she wore,
Ere she drew it off, the mocking pledge
  Of a troth whose truth was o'er.
The hollow darkness around her creeps;
  The day's long watch is run;
And all that they swore but Death could do,
  A little year has done.

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE AMBUSH.

The provost-marshal recognized the inutility of further search, and, despairing of recapturing the fugitive, whom he supposed to be hidden in the irregular masses of rock that bordered the stream, collected his men, and gave them orders to close up, after bidding them to keep the prisoner's escape temporarily a secret, as he himself intended to tell the general what had occurred when the latter asked at his hands the prisoner confided to him. An hour later he entered the canon, and rejoined the main body of the army.

General Sandoval, although he had nearly twenty thousand men under his orders, perceived, almost immediately after he invested Cohahuila, that with soldiers like his, badly armed, worse disciplined, and completely deficient in the necessary articles for a regular siege, he would never succeed in storming a town defended by a garrison of veteran troops, and commanded by one of the best generals of the Spanish army. He therefore converted the siege into a blockade, contenting himself with cutting off the enemy's communication with the interior, and hoping finally to reduce him by famine.

But about this time he received a despatch from General Iturbide. After informing him fully of the events that had occurred, which had, in a few days, changed the state of affairs, and destroyed the power of Spain throughout the entire viceroyalty, the general told him that the Spaniards now held but two points on the Mexican territory—the fortress of St. Juan d'Ulloa, near Vera Cruz, and the town of Cohahuila. Ulloa but slightly troubled the new chief of the Mexican government. The Spaniards, shut up in the fortress, and completely cut off from the sea-board, even supposing that they held out for a long time, could not by any possibility exert any influence over the affairs of the country; but the case was not the same with Cohahuila. The intendancy of which this town was the capital was one of the richest in Mexico. Being mountainous and well wooded, a clever leader of partizans could collect the malcontents, whose number was large, organize guerrillas, and carry on the war, till the Spanish government recovered from its stupor and tried to seize again the rich colonies which had only just slipped from its grasp.

Now, such a skillful chief was invested at Cohahuila at this very moment. He had a numerous and well-disciplined garrison, sufficient to form the nucleus of an army which would soon become formidable if time were allowed for its organization. Hence it was absolutely necessary to finish with this general by capturing him, and cutting up his troops.

On perusing this explicit and positive despatch, General Don Pelagio Sandoval found himself no little embarrassed. General Iturbide gave him to understand that he trusted entirely to him, that he had accomplished things far more important than this, and the provisional government felt assured he would carry it through honorably. For two days the general remained plunged in deep thought, forming a dozen plans, and rejecting them in turn. He could not dream of attempting an assault, and carrying the town by storm when opposed by adversaries like the Spaniards. Don Pelagio only saw one way of success: it was to compel General Cardenas to leave the town, lay a trap for him, and force him into a surrender.

The idea was certainly good; but what stratagem should he employ to cheat General Cardenas, and draw him out? The general was not the man to let himself be caught in a clumsy snare. He would immediately scent it, and the Mexicans would have to begin over again, under greater difficulties than at first, as the enemy would be on his guard. At last, after long hesitation, Don Pelagio decided on a plan of unexampled temerity, and which must infallibly succeed through its sheer audacity, if matters were carried out with prudence.

Taking advantage of a frightful storm that raged over his camp and the town, and rendered the darkness of night denser still, he ordered his troops to leave the encampment in small detachments, giving each leader of a corps detailed instructions about the movements he must make and the spot he was to go to, and remained himself to the last, to make sure of the due execution of his orders. As it was necessary that the Spaniards should believe in a precipitate flight, rather than a retreat, he was obliged to leave behind him the larger portion of his guns and ammunition, certain, were he the victor, of finding it all intact, but resolved, like the gambler who risks his whole fortune on a card, to blow out his brains if he were conquered, for he knew that Iturbide would not forgive him a defeat.

Moonshine, the Canadian, thoroughly instructed by the general, and who, in his careless gayety, only thought of playing the Spaniards a famous trick, was left behind to induce the enemy to nibble. We have seen in what manner the Canadian performed the delicate task.

The spot where Don Pelagio proposed waiting for the Spaniard was excellently adapted for a surprise. It was a canon, or defile, about three leagues in length, and so narrow that two horsemen could scarce ride side by side. This canon, like most of those found in these latitudes, was merely a dried-up water-course, produced by an earthquake. It formed countless angles and turns, so close to each other that it was impossible to see anything ahead save the wood-covered sides of the canon, which rose precipitously to an enormous height. It was evident that if the Spaniards were so mad as to enter this defile, they might perish to the last man, without a chance of resistance.

The Mexicans, on reaching the canon a little before sunrise, had plenty of time to prepare for action. General Pelagio had all the heights crowned and established his troops in unassailable positions. These measures were taken with such skill and prudence, that this spot where, at the moment, more than four and twenty thousand men were assembled, seemed completely deserted, and it would have been impossible, within a pistol-shot, to see the barrel of a single gun glisten. If the Spaniards, from the spot where they had halted on the river-bank, could perceive nothing, it was not the same with the Mexicans. Not one of the enemy's movements escaped Don Pelagio. When he saw the long columns of the Spanish army arrive on the river-bank the Mexican chief quivered with joy. His stratagem had succeeded, his calculations were just, and, as he had expected, his enemy, deceived by the feigned retreat, was about to deliver himself into his hands.

A man must have himself experienced the feelings of a lucky player, who gains a decisive game, in order to understand the full extent of the delight which filled the Mexican general's heart. Still, he felt a moment of indescribable anxiety and agony when he saw the enemy halt on the bank of the stream, and remain there so long quiescent. He feared for a moment lest the Spaniards, guessing the trap laid for them, would turn back. All, in that case, would be left to the chances of a battle in the open ground with an experienced enemy accustomed to conquer, and who would, doubtless, contest the field warmly. But this apprehension soon faded away when the scouts crossed the ford. The decisive moment was at hand, and the Mexicans prepared seriously for action.

"My friends," the general said to the persons who surrounded him, "here are the last relics of the troops of those who have oppressed us for three centuries. God has reserved for us the glory of fighting the last battle which will sully the sacred soil of our country with bloodshed. All our brothers have their eyes on us; they ask victory at our hands; shall we disappoint them?"

"No!" the soldiers, electrified by these generous words, answered as one man.

"Swear to conquer!" the general continued.

"We swear it!" they exclaimed, enthusiastically.

"It is well! I hold your promise, and God has heard it. Mexico and Independence! Each to his post now, for blood is about to flow!"

The officers hastily returned to the positions assigned them, the soldiers lay down on the grass with their finger on the trigger, and all awaited with palpitating hearts the signal for action. At this moment the two detachments sent forward as scouts separated. Captain Castilla halted while Captain Obrigozo formed his columns of attack, and continued his forward march. When the captain, resolved to carry out his duty thoroughly, entered the defile, a few well-aimed musket shots sufficed to destroy his weak escort, and the officer himself fell with a bullet through his chest. This brave officer was the first victim of this day, so fatal to the Spanish army. Unhappily, many others were fated to follow him. When the second detachment, which hurried up to the aid of the first, followed into the defile, the combat assumed the proportions of a battle.

Unhappily, the Spaniards having no infantry, and covered by invisible foes, fell one after the other with cries of impotent rage. On all sides bullets hailed on them, against which they had no protection, and

were unable to reply. At times, a bullet, aimed haphazard, or guided by destiny, reached an object it was not aimed at. The shrubs parted, and a corpse rolling down the precipice fell crushed at the feet of the horses.

But for one man the Mexicans lost the Spaniards lost fifty. The fight was too unequal; it was no longer a combat, but a butchery. Suddenly, a tremendous shout was heard; the earth trembled beneath the hoofs of nearly two thousand horses, and General Cardenas appeared, his face inflamed with noble ardor, his hair in disorder, leaning over his saddle, with his right arm extended, and his sword hanging from his wrist by a steel chain. Behind him came the whole Spanish army—the real battle was about to begin. The infantry arrived at the double on the flanks of the column, firing into the bushes and shrubs where they saw shots fired. The Spanish general, as an experienced leader had made the best of a bad position. He had scarce entered the canon with the cavalry, ere a large infantry corps, facing front and rear, occupied the gorge with two guns levelled on the plain. The general rightly conjectured that his enemies might try to catch him between two fires, which was really the plan of the Mexicans; for, no sooner had the infantry occupied the allotted post than Don Aurelio Gutierres, at the head of a considerable body of troops, infantry and cavalry, darted suddenly from the forest which had hitherto concealed him, and dashed furiously on the Spaniards, in order to dislodge them and drive them into the interior of the defile.

An obstinate hand to hand fight at once began. Here, at least, the combat was equal; for the Spaniards could see their enemies. Unhappily, the sharpshooters, concealed behind bushes, covered and decimated them, being most desperate against the artillerymen, whom they mercilessly shot down each time when they went up to reload their guns.

General Cardenas, in spite of all obstacles—the bullets, lumps of rock, and whole trees showered down on his troops—crossed the whole defile with the rapidity of an arrow. He then perceived, some distance ahead, a barricade erected by the Mexicans to intercept his passage.

"There is the road, boys," the general shouted; "forward, forward!"

All dashed on to clear the barricade, but suddenly a battery was unmasked, and death passed along the Spanish ranks. Four howitzers, loaded with canister, thundered simultaneously, sweeping down whole lines of horsemen, and making a bloody gap through the entire column. Two-thirds of this magnificent Spanish cavalry were laid low. The general, lifting his horse with a prodigious effort, had forced the noble animal to mount the face of the barricade.

"Forward!" the general shouted, brandishing his sword over his head and digging his spurs into his horse's belly.

The animal made a last generous effort, and rolled dying in the centre of the Mexicans. General Cardenas was already on his feet, sword in hand.

"Surrender, surrender!" a number of soldiers shouted, as they rushed toward him.

"Nonsense! Does a Spanish general ever surrender?" he said, with a gloomy smile of contempt.

And, whirling his formidable sabre round his head, he drove back the men who had ventured too near him.

"Stop, stop!" Oliver Clary shouted, as he dashed forward. "By heaven, he is a noble soldier; let us grant him the death of a brave man. Defend yourself, general."

"Thank you, senor," the general replied with a smile; "I expected nothing less from your courtesy."

"A fair fight. Back, senores," the hunter said.

"No, no," a man suddenly shouted, as he hurried to the front. "You are a foreigner, Senor Don Oliver; allow me to settle this quarrel."

The Canadian turned and recognized Don Annibal de Saldibar.

"Very good," he said, lowering his point with a gesture of respectful deference.

"Do you accept me as an adversary, general?" the hacendero asked.

"I care little whom I fight, senor," the general replied haughtily.

"On guard, then!"

The two blades crossed with a portentous clang. There was something grand and chivalrous in this singular duel in the midst of a battle. The two adversaries, however, had no fear of being separated. The Mexicans had suddenly stopped. As for the Spaniards, decimated by the canister, and discouraged by the loss of their chief, they fought without any order, more for the purpose of selling their lives dearly than in the hope of conquering.

Don Annibal and General Cardenas carried on the duel they had so bravely commenced, while the Canadian and other officers kept back the spectators. The general was a very skillful swordsman, but, wearied by the violent exercise he had been taking, and rendered desperate by the probable defeat of his troops, he was not sufficiently master of himself to contend advantageously against an adversary of the strength of Don Annibal. In a very short time he fell, run through the body. They rushed forward to help him; the general attempted to rise. For the last time, he waved his sword defiantly, and raised to heaven his eyes already glazed with death.

"Long live Spain!" he shouted in a powerful voice, and he fell back. He was dead, like a soldier should die, sword in hand. The battle was won. Of five thousand men that composed the Spanish army, hardly fifteen hundred survived. The Mexicans had conquered, more through the strength of their position and the madness of their enemy, than through their skill and courage. Perhaps, though, it was the will of GOD, who, in his omniscience, had marked this day as the last of the Spanish rule in Mexico.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE PURSUIT.

It was about 2 P. M. on the day after the battle. Twenty men were encamped in a clearing some ten or twelve miles at the most from the Rio Grande del Norte; with the exception of three or four of them, who were attired like Mexican campesinos, the rest appeared to be hunters or woodrangers. The majority were lying asleep on the grass at the foot of the trees, with their heads in the shade and their feet in the sun. Their horses, hobbled and ready to be mounted, were eating their ration of Indian corn spread on woollen blankets, laid on the ground in front of them. Several sentries, leaning on their rifles, watched over the common safety.

A little apart was a group composed of four or five persons, seated on buffalo skins. These persons, whom our readers are well acquainted with, were the Count de Melgosa, Don Annibal de Saldibar, Don Aurelio Gutierres, and Moonshine. Don Annibal, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, seemed suffering from profound sorrow. The count was looking at him sadly. The Canadian was philosophically smoking his Indian pipe, while at times taking a commiserating look at the haciendero. As for Don Aurelio, he was yawning as if going to put his jaw out, with his back carelessly resting against a tree, his arms folded, and his legs stretched out.

We will now explain to the reader why these persons were collected at this spot. To do so we will go back a little way, and return to the canon in which the fate of Mexico was decided. The first moments following a victory are always devoted by the victors to joy and delirium, order and discipline no longer exist. Men congratulate each other and run backwards and forwards, singing, laughing, and forgetting all the perils and agony of the struggle. But when minds began to calm, and reason regains its sway, reflection comes, and the sanguinary details of the battle appear in all their horror.

General Don Pelagio Sandoval after giving quarter to the conquered immediately disarmed them, and employed them in removing the wounded and burying the dead. Of all the Spanish soldiers who entered the defile, not a single man had succeeded in escaping to bear to Cohahuila the news of this awful defeat. The Mexicans had comparatively lost very few men, although their loss for all that was considerable. The Mexican general resolved to encamp on the battle-field, and his troops were encamped on the plain in front of the mouth of the canon.

It was about nine in the evening. The bivouac fires formed a brilliant circle round the camp, the soldiers were singing and laughing while narrating to each other the exciting incidents of the battle. The general, who had retired to a jacal of branches built for him, which his troops had lined inside with the flags captured from the enemy, was conversing with Oliver Clary. The Canadian had just finished a story which must have powerfully affected his hearer, for his face was pale, and a burning tear trembled at the end of his lashes.

"Poor Don Annibal," he said, passing his hand over his eyes, "what a frightful misfortune. This last blow is the most terrible of all. He will not get over it."

"Immediately after the battle," the hunter continued, "Count de Melgosa, who as you know took no part in the action, but constantly remained with the rearguard, came to join the haciendero at the barricade which you ordered him to defend, and at which he fought so bravely."

"I know it, he killed General Cardenas with his own hand. It is better that it should be so. That man had excited such hatred against himself, that had he lived I should probably have been powerless to protect him in spite of my eager desire to do so."

"The moment was well selected for a confession of the nature which the count had to make to Don Annibal. The latter, over excited by the fighting, and intoxicated by the smell of powder, endured this new misfortune with more strength than we had ventured to expect. Still the blow was terrible, and fears were entertained for his life during a moment. He rolled on the ground like an oak uprooted by the hurricane, and for some minutes was a prey to frightful convulsions and a delirium which threatened to change into insanity. Fortunately, the very intensity of the crisis saved him. He recovered, thanked the count and myself for the sympathy we had shown him, sat down on a gun carriage, and after a few nervous spasms managed to weep. Now he is calmer, and you will see him soon, for he means at once to start in pursuit of the Indians."

"Alas, I fear that his search will be unsuccessful. The villain who betrayed him has escaped. Does he know it?"

"Not yet."

"What is to be done? Unluckily, I can only offer him sterile consolation. But I have it," he said, striking his forehead, "that is the very thing. Viva Cristo! if Don Annibal does not succeed in saving his hapless wife and daughter, he will at any-rate be able to catch the scoundrels who carried them off, and sacrifice them to his righteous wrath."

"Ah," said the Canadian, "in what way? I do not know, general, especially as I fear lest the misfortune is greater than you imagine."

"How so; what do you mean, Don Oliver?"

The Canadian reflected for a moment. A strange emotion agitated this brave man, and an expression of vexation, repentance, and timidity appeared on his frank and manly face. The general examined him with surprise.

"Come," he said to him, "speak. I know not why, but I fancy I have still the most frightful part of this frightful story to hear."

"You may be right, general," the Canadian said, in a low and almost unintelligible voice.

"Speak; in Heaven's name tell me all."

"Nonsense," the adventurer said, "my repentance has been quite enough for me to open my heart to you. General, I have committed one bad action in my life."

"You, my friend?" Don Pelagio exclaimed, quickly, "that is impossible."

"Thanks for that remark, general. The opinion you have of me, restores me the courage to complete my confession. Yes, I repeat, I have committed one bad action, the memory of which has incessantly pursued me and filled me with remorse. One day I was a coward."

"Go on," the general interrupted him, with a shake of his head.

"You know," the adventurer continued, with a certain degree of hesitation, and looking down to the ground, "that nearly my whole life has been spent in traversing the woods, either alone, or in the company of the Indians."

"I know it; go on."

"You lived on this border for a long time; you will doubtless remember the frightful catastrophe in which the Count de Melgosa's brother was assassinated?"

"Wretch! were you mixed up in that frightful affair?" the general exclaimed.

"No," the Canadian answered with a start of horror, "and yet I was guilty. The count's son was carried off: do you remember it?"

"Alas! the count has never recovered from the effects of that abduction."

"When the Red Skins returned from that sanguinary expedition, bringing the poor lad with them, there was a grand discussion among them to decide the fate of the weak creature. The majority wished him to be killed, while others asserted, on the other hand, that the child ought to be preserved, in order to be converted into a hostage at a later date. I was present at this discussion; the poor boy cried; I felt an involuntary interest in him, and implored the Indians to give him to me. I succeeded in convincing them by my entreaties, and they granted my request."

"Well?" the general asked, anxiously.

"A few weeks later," the Canadian continued, "the Mexican hacienderos took a brilliant revenge. The Red Skins, surprised in their turn, were massacred without pity. Nothing would have been easier for me at the time than to restore to the heart-broken father the boy who had been so treacherously carried off; but I had sworn not to do so; it was on that condition he was intrusted to me. I did not dare break my promise; still, taking advantage of the confusion, I tried to evade it. I placed the boy in the hands of a servant of Don Annibal, begging him to deliver him to his master, as I felt convinced that he would be taken care of, and that at a later date I might perhaps be able to restore him alive to the parent who bewailed his death. Years passed, and various events kept me away from these parts, to which I had only accidentally come. Still the memory of this boy incessantly pursued me; my conscience cried to me that I had acted badly. In a word, my remorse became so great that I resolved to return to this country in order to discover the fate of the poor boy I had abandoned, and repair, were it in my power, the evil I had done."

"Good, my friend—good," the general exclaimed, warmly, "now I recognize you. Still, has your search been successful, and have you found the count's son again?"

"Yes," he answered, in a hollow voice; "yes, general, I have a moral certainty that the boy is no other than Don Melchior Diaz."

"Melchior! Thank heaven! who would not be proud and happy of such a son?"

"As the rapidity of events has not yet allowed me to confirm my suspicions, and convert them into a certainty, I have preserved the greatest silence to everybody, and the count before all."

"You acted prudently."

"Yes," he continued, sorrowfully; "but unhappily Diego Lopez has told me that Don Melchior has left the Hacienda del Rio, where he was, in order to start on the track of the Red Skins."

"Alone?" the general said, with a start of terror.

"That is the very thing that terrifies me, general. The poor young man burns with a desire to save Dona Emilia and her daughter; he is ignorant of Indian habits, and I feel convinced that he will allow his ardor to carry him away, and become a victim to his devotion."

"That is only too probable."

"The more so, because the Red Skins are implacable, and will not hesitate to sacrifice him to their hatred of the Mexicans. Fortunately the count is still ignorant that this young man is his son, as the news would have infallibly killed him."

The general let his head fall on his chest, and sighed. At this moment the door of the jacal was opened, and the count and Don Annibal entered. In a few hours the haciendero had aged ten years; his pale, worn features, his eyes hollowed by fever, and his wild looks were pitiable to behold.

"General," he said in a faint voice, "Sotavento has escaped; "did you know it?"

"I did, my friend," the general said, taking his hand affectionately; "I know it, and am glad of it."

His hearers gave a start of surprise.

"This man," the general continued gently, "is a villain of the worst species. The horrible crime of which he has been guilty he must have long been meditating; all his measures were taken so as to throw out your pursuit; the confidence you placed in him only favored him too thoroughly in the execution of his odious plots."

The haciendero sighed.

"This man would have died sooner than reveal anything to you. You know the Indians. You are aware to what a point they carry their obstinacy; his living and his flight are of more use to you now than his presence or his death would be. Clary, my friend, has the provost-marshal told you at what spot the villain escaped?"

"He has, excellency."

"It is well. This man, however crafty he may be, cannot have disappeared without leaving a trail, and that trail must be lifted. Be assured that it will lead you to the den where this monster has concealed his victims."

"Yes," Don Annibal observed; "but who will find this trail?"

"Here is the man," the general said, stretching out his arm to the Canadian. "Did you never hear tell of the skill of the Canadians in following a trail?"

"This time, general, my skill would be thrown out," the hunter replied. "Water does not retain a trail."

"Clary," the general said to him, sternly, "why this hesitation? Would you refuse to do what I ask of you?"

"I do not refuse, general," he said sharply, "I only call attention to an impossibility."

"Nothing is impossible when a man has a firm will. Moreover, any discussion is useless," he added, laying a marked stress on his words, "*the hour has arrived, and the master awaits* for you to answer distinctly."

The hunter started at these words, and said, with a respectful bow—

"Very good, I will obey, since you insist, excellency. You know that you can do anything with me; but on one condition."

"I will have no conditions."

"Pray listen to one remark."

"Be brief, for time presses."

"I claim the right to choose my companions. We are going to undertake a campaign in which we shall leave our scalps, if not our carcases; and as I am greatly attached to mine, I must be sure of the men I take with me."

"What you ask is quite fair, my friend, and if you have no other condition to make—"

"No other, general."

"Then I grant it."

"Very good; with your leave, I will set to work at once. Two words, however, before I leave you."

"Speak, my friend."

"The desert has its laws, which no one cares to infringe. Personally I have no animosity against the Indians; on the contrary, I have always lived on good terms with them, and only a few days ago a Comanche chief welcomed me to his camp as a friend."

"What conclusion do you draw from that?"

"None at all; still, as I must break these pleasant relations, I request, once again, that the whole management of this affair may be left in my hands. Before mounting, I will come to an understanding with my friend, Moonshine."

"Very good."

"Don Annibal, you will let yourself be guided by me; for I presume that you intend to accompany us?"

"Can you doubt it, senor?"

"Well, it would, perhaps, be better for you to remain with the general."

"No, no, I will go on this expedition; for no one is more interested than myself in its success."

"That is true. Well, as you please."

"I too, will accompany you, Don Oliver," said the count.

"Very well, caballero."

"But there is another person who would not forgive you for leaving him behind. Don Melchior Diaz; you will not forget to warn him, I trust, senor, for you know that we promised it to him."

The general and the hunter exchanged a meaning glance.

"That is my business," the former remarked, "so do not trouble yourself, Senor Conde."

"Now, I will be off," the Canadian continued; "however long my absence may be, do not feel anxious about it. When I rejoin you, I shall be perfectly sure of the road we have to follow."

"Can you not tell us, at least, who the people are you mean to take with you?"

"Nothing is easier; they are men like myself, hunters and adventurers belonging to my quadrilla, accustomed to a desert life and Indian tricks. Soldiers would do us more harm than good. In this expedition, courage takes the second place; skill and craftiness alone can ensure our success. Good-bye, good-bye, all is arranged; I shall be back soon."

"Go, my friend, and luck be with you," the general said, affectionately.

"All that it is possible to attempt, general, I will do. Good-bye."

The hunter went out.

"That is all the assistance I can offer you, Don Annibal; I wish that I could do more. Place the most perfect confidence in this adventurer; he is a man of heart, thoroughly devoted and intelligent."

"I have been able to appreciate him under critical circumstances," the count said, "and I have the best opinion of him."

"Heaven grant that his help may prove effectual," Don Annibal murmured, with a sigh.

"Hope, my friend, hope. God will not abandon you."

Don Annibal only answered with a sigh more profound than the first, and, after taking leave of the general, he and the count proceeded to the spot where the cuadrilla of the adventurers was encamped.

"Poor man!" the general muttered, as he saw the haciendero retire. "Will he succeed in saving the two unhappy captives? Alas!"

He shook his head doubtfully, and fell back into his meditations.

"Are you ready to start?" Moonshine asked the two gentlemen on seeing them.

"At once?" the count asked.

"Well, that will be better for what we have to do."

"Have we the time to go and fetch our horses?"

"Your peon has brought them."

Fifteen adventurers, already mounted, were waiting, motionless and silent. They were men with bold features and a resolute air, whose bronzed faces testified to the fatigue they had endured in their rough profession. A few minutes later the little band quitted the camp at a gallop, and went out into the plain under the guidance of Moonshine. It was a cold night, as most American nights are. The men wrapped themselves carefully in their cloaks, to escape being saturated by the chilling dew, which fell upon them in an abundance unknown in our climate; and they rode sharply till sunrise without exchanging a word. At about four in the morning they halted to give their horses a rest.

"Are we going to stop?" Don Annibal asked.

These were the first words he had spoken since they started.

"Only for two hours," the hunter said.

"Very well."

And he fell back into his silence, from which the count did not deem it necessary to draw him. As Moonshine had said, within two hours the horses were resaddled, and they set out again, after eating a biscuit and a strip of tasajo, and drinking a draught of spirits. The count could only succeed in making his friend swallow a few mouthfuls, by representing to him that he must keep up his strength. His grief was intensely gloomy. This time they rode a long distance, and only halted at 1 o'clock P. M. in a clearing.

"We will wait for Oliver here," the hunter said, as he dismounted.

Don Annibal raised his head.

"Will he come soon?" he asked, with considerable eagerness.

"I do not know. That will depend on the information he may have picked up."

"Nonsense," said Don Aurelio Gutierres, who had joined the party through his warm affection for the haciendero, "he will not be long."

"My hacienda is not very far from here, senor," the count said. "There would be time to send some one to fetch Don Melchior."

Moonshine made a sign to Diego Lopez, gave him an order in a low voice, and the latter at once went off.

"Where are we?" Don Aurelio asked. "I do not know at all. What is that river running down there between the cotton-wood trees?"

"We are on the Indian border, senor, and that river you can see from here is the Rio Bravo del Norte, which serves as a limit between Mexico and the great Indian prairies."

"May I ask," the count then said, joining in the conversation, "why you have made us take this road sooner than another?"

"For a very simple reason, senor. The man who carried off the two ladies whom we wish to deliver is an Indian—not a civilized Indian, but one of those to whom you give the name of Bravos, or untameable, is he not?"

"You are quite correct."

"Very well. That being so, there are heavy odds that this man, after carrying off the ladies, tried to rejoin his tribe and shelter himself from pursuit by entering the desert. On the other hand, Oliver and you, count, were attacked a little time ago by a party of Comanche maraunders. It was on the same night that Dona Emilia and her daughter, after saving you by their unforeseen presence, disappeared—in all probability captured by the same men who attacked you, on another detachment of the tribe. You see, then, everything leads to the belief that the ravishers must have retired into the desert, where they are certain of meeting friends, instead of remaining in a hostile country, where it would be impossible for them to remain any length of time without running a risk of discovery."

"Yes, you are right. We were attacked by Comanches, and most assuredly should have been massacred, had it not been for the providential intervention of Dona Emilia," he added, in a low voice, not to be heard by Don Annibal.

Time slipped away; the haciendero now and then raised his head, looked anxiously around him, and then fell back into his gloomy reverie. At length, at about five in the evening, the noise of horses could be heard, and the sentries signalled two riders coming up at a gallop. They were Don Melchior Diaz and Diego Lopez. Moonshine was greatly puzzled by the young gentleman's arrival, for, having been warned by Oliver of the occurrences at the Hacienda del Rio, he had told Diego Lopez to remain absent for a time, and then return, saying that General Sandoval had told Don Melchior to come to him alone, and that the latter had at once left the hacienda in obedience to this order.

Diego Lopez, consequently, rode about haphazard, and resolved to employ the time granted him in making a reconnoissance of the banks of the Rio del Norte. Great was his surprise on recognising in a horseman fording the river, the man he was supposed to have gone to fetch. In two words, Don Melchior explained what he had attempted on behalf of the captives. On his side, the peon informed him of the expedition organized to proceed to their assistance. The young man's heart bounded with delight on hearing this, and, after agreeing with Diego that they should be silent, they proceeded to the encampment in all haste.

By extraordinary good fortune, Don Melchior had succeeded in foiling the ever active vigilance of the Indians, and, after his interview with the ladies, left the teocall undisturbed; he had found his clothes and horse again at the spot where he stopped to disguise himself, after killing the sentinel; and then, mad with despair and grief, he dashed across the prairie for the purpose of joining Oliver and persuading him to fly with him to the rescue of the prisoners. At this moment it was that he met the peon.

So soon as he entered the bivouac, the young gentleman leapt from his horse, pressed the count's hand, and then rushed toward Don Annibal, while Diego Lopez told Moonshine, in a low voice, all about this chance interview. The haciendero had risen on perceiving Don Melchior; they fell into each other's arms, and remained embraced for a long time, mingling their tears but not speaking, for great sorrows are dumb.

"Courage!" Don Melchior at length murmured, "courage, we shall find them again."

"Do you think so?" Don Annibal exclaimed eagerly. "Oh! could I but believe it, Oh, heaven! have I not suffered enough?"

He let his head droop on his chest again, and burst into tears. There was something affecting in the sight of this strong man, who was so utterly crushed by grief and cried like a child. His friends regarded him with the most earnest compassion; they did not dare offer him consolations whose inutility they recognised; but the sadness displayed on their features sufficiently proved the sympathy they felt with him.

The sun had set a long time but the hunter did not appear, and the anxiety became general. No one spoke, but each mentally calculated the hours that had elapsed, and began to think that the Canadian's absence threatened to become indefinitely prolonged. Moonshine alone did not seem to feel any anxiety or surprise, because he alone of the persons who surrounded him knew what difficulties the hunter would have to surmount in procuring positive information, and discovering on the sand or in the grass the flying traces of a man who, with the diabolical prudence of his race, had doubtless tried to efface every mark of his passage.

At about ten o'clock, at the moment when the moon, disappearing between two clouds, plunged the clearing into complete darkness for a few minutes, Moonshine, who, as an attentive sentry, had undertaken to watch over the safety of all his comrades, suddenly heard the cry of the whip-poor-will rise softly and plaintively in the silence. The Canadian listened; the same cry was repeated thrice at regular intervals.

"It is he," the Canadian muttered, as he returned the same signal.

Almost immediately a man entered the clearing, leading his horse by the bridle—it was Oliver Clary. He walked to the haciendero, and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Up, Don Annibal," he said to him. "within twenty-four hours we shall have recovered those whom you thought lost."

"At last!" the haciendero said wildly as he leapt to his feet.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ We heard the other day of a lady whose new house was elaborately decorated with parquetage, and every fashionable novelty; and, with no little pride, she was pointing out her parquetted floor to a bosom friend, when said this bosom friend (who, of course, was not in the least envious), "What a very good imitation of oil-cloth!"

☞ A lady in Paris was out of all patience and spirits at hearing nothing but French, day after day. One morning she heard a cock crowing, and exclaimed:—"Thank God, there's somebody who speaks English."

☞ Father Ignatius, who has been lecturing in London on "The Christianity of the Low Church Party," makes one sensible remark. He says that in essentials all Christian people—the Church of Rome, Anglicans, Evangelicals and Protestants of all shades of belief—are one, and that, seeing that there are 900,000,000 of people in the world who don't believe in Christ at all, it is a great pity that believers in Him should quarrel among themselves.

☞ COURT COSTUMES.—Du Chaillu describes the costumes of the court of an African king as follows: "The king wore a dress coat—and nothing else; his first minister wore a shirt without sleeves—and nothing else; his second minister wore a neck-tie—and nothing else; the third was adorned with a hat—and nothing else; but the queen varied the fashion by wearing an umbrella—and nothing else."

☞ Sum total, it is asserted, is not tautological, but perfectly correct English, being a translation of the phrase *summa totalis*, taken from the old treatises on arithmetic, written in Latin. In these books *summa* was used to denote a number, and *summa totalis* to express the result of the addition of several numbers.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DESTRUCTIVE CONFLAGRATION.—Early on the morning of the 14th inst. a most disastrous fire broke out in the marble front Bard block of buildings, at the corner of Ninth and Chestnut streets, in this city, causing a loss of property which foots up to about $900,000. Upon it the insurance is about $600,000. The fire was the most destructive occurring in this city for at least two years past.

The premises in which the fire began was the store, the palatial establishment of J. E. Caldwell & Co. The corner building was the paper decorations warehouse of Howell & Bro. The westernmost building was the carpet store of the Messrs. Orne. The breaking out of the fire was preceded by an explosion, the origin of which is unknown. The subsequent spread of the flames is marvelous and unaccountable. The alarm was instantly given, and the firemen promptly upon the ground and in service; but before water could be put upon the building it was almost completely enveloped in flames, and in half an hour afterward the fire in the large paper store of Howell & Bro. was burning fiercely.

At the time the fire began there were sleeping in the upper stories Frederick A. Davis, cashier; Charles Hardy, C. Godney King, Edward Hagan, salesmen; James Andrews, Porter, and James F. Polk. With the exception of Hagan and Polk all escaped from the second-story window, ran along the projecting cornice, and were rescued by the firemen. The charred body of one of the two missing has since been found.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.—The treaty between the United States and Great Britain, for the settlement of the *Alabama* claims, has been signed by Reverdy Johnson and Lord Clarendon, on the basis of the original protocol.

BRAZIL AND PARAGUAY.—The Allied army had made a vigorous assault on the Paraguayan stronghold at Velleta, and after a desperate battle succeeded in carrying it. Lopez's army was utterly routed and destroyed. The Allies captured 5,000 prisoners of war. Lopez himself, with barely 200 followers, made his escape. This important victory opened the way to Asuncion, the Paraguayan capital to which place the Brazilian iron-clads had gone.

VIRGINIA.—After consultations between the Virginia Committee and Congressmen, it has been agreed to prepare a bill for the admission of Virginia on her adoption of the State Constitution, with the disfranchising clauses left out. An amnesty bill will probably follow, including all, or nearly all the ex-rebels. General Grant and Secretary Schofield are understood to approve this plan.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—In the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, Justice Agnew representing the full court, has delivered an opinion of great public importance, deciding that contracts or agreements made before the passage of the law by which greenbacks were made a legal tender in payment of debts, in which the debt is made payable in gold or silver coin, must be paid in such coin, or the market value of such coin.

☞ A man who was arrested for stealing goods at a fire, the other day, pleaded in excuse for an extenuation of his conduct, that he had been in the place but a few days, and *hadn't learnt the rules.*

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—Market dull. About 8000 bbls sold at $5@5.50 for superfine; $6@6.00 for extras; $7.25@7.75 for Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota extra family; $8.75@10.50 for Penna and Ohio do do, and $11@13 for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells at $7.50@7.75.

GRAIN—The receipts and stocks of Wheat continue light. About 30,000 bus sold at $1.80@2 for good to prime Penna, Western and Southern red; $2.05@2.08 ₩ bus for amber, and $2.10@2.25 ₩ bus for white, according to quality; 2500 bus No. 1 spring sold at $1.70@1.80. Rye—4000 bus Penna and Western sold at $1.46@1.52 ₩ bus. Corn—40,000 bus new yellow sold at 88@90c; 10,000 bus new white at 85@90c; 20,000 bus new Western mixed at 90@91c, and 4000 bus kiln dried at 75c ₩ bus. Oats—40,000 bus sold at 71@75c for Western, and 80@65c ₩ bus for light Penna.

PROVISIONS—There is little doing. Sales of Mess Pork at $22.50@23. Mess Beef sells at $23@23.50 for city packed. Dressed Hogs sell at $11@13.50. Bacon; sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 18@19c; Excelsior Hams at 20c; Sides at 17@18c; Shoulders at 14@14½c. Green Meats, sales of 2500 lbs pickled Hams at 17@18c, and Shoulders at 12@12½c. Lard; sales of 200 bbls and tcs Western at 19@19½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter; sales of solid packed at 29@35c, and prime Western and Penna at 40@50c. Cheese; sales of prime factory at 20@20½c.

COTTON—About 1200 bales of middlings sold at 29@29c for Uplands, and 28½@30½c for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Green Apples are selling at $5@6 ₩ bbl. Dried Fruit—Sales 90,000 lbs of Apples at 7½@14c, Peaches at 16@17c for halves, 15@18½c for quarters, and 10@20c ₩ lb for pared.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is very little doing. Sales of No 1 Anthracite at $40; and No 2 at $28@29. Scotch Pig sells at $42.50@43 ₩ ton, and Forge at $35 ₩ ton. Manufactured Iron commands $55@90 ₩ ton for Bars.

SEEDS—1500 bus Cloverseed sold at $8.25@8.2, according to quality. Timothy we quote at $3@3.25. Flaxseed is selling at $2.60 ₩ bus.

WOOL—There is a fair business doing. Sales of 120,000 lbs at 55c for extra; 52c for fine; 51c for one-half blood; 50c for one-quarter blood; 45@47c for common; 60@65c for tub; 55@57c for unwashed, and 45@50c for pulled, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of *Beef* Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from 9¾@11 cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₩ head. *Sheep*—5000 head were disposed of at from 5¾@7¾c ₩ lb. 3700 Hogs sold at from $13 to 15.25 ₩ 100 lbs.

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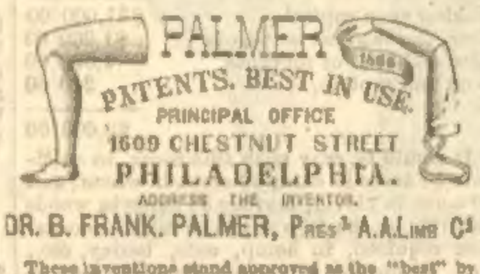

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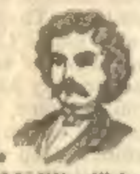

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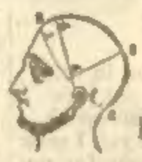

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Dear Sirs:—For the benefit of all whose desires or necessities make it their business to chop with an axe, I would say: Try the Red Jacket. It cuts deeper than the common bit. Being round on the cut, it does not stick in the wood. Every chopper with the common axe must discover that there is as much labor and strength expended in taking the axe out of the cut as in making the blow. This with the Red Jacket is all avoided, and from one-third to one-half the labor is saved in cutting the same quantity. By putting in the same labor that is necessary with a common axe, you can easily make at least thirty-three per cent. more wood in the same time. You are safe in letting any honest man try your Red Jacket on these tests, and if it fails refund him his money.

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TAKE NOTICE.

ON account of our immense business and depreciation of merchandise, we now offer better inducements to agents and patrons than usual. Any one sending $5 for 60 printed notices will receive one of the following articles:—Lepine Watch, 1 pr. Wool Blankets, Long Shawl, 15 yds. Hemp Carpeting, &c. Send for Jan. Trade Circular, containing important information. ANDREWS & CO., 52 and 54 Elm St., Boston, Mass. jan9-1y

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Something Tifferent."

"I pese glad to see you, like ash never vas, Mister Cris; ven did Zinsinnaty goome away from you?"

Such was the warm salutation of a Teutonic friend whom we met the other day in a distant city, where he had recently gone to reside. The reader might not guess in a long time what business our friend from Cincinnati was engaged in, so we will tell you he kept a lager-beer saloon.

"How do you like your new location?" we inquired after his raptures at meeting a Cincinnatian had somewhat abated.

"Nice poys in this town, nice poys. The first night vot I opens mine saloon, they goomes in and galls for lager peer, doo, eight, seex, half a tossen of 'em; unt ven I says, 'who makes pay for this soon already?' py tam, they say, 'put it on de schlate.' I dole 'em 'I don't geep no schlate.' Den dey says, 'you petter as send out unt puy a schlate.' Vell, I vants to agommodate—there's no brincipal in dose tings—so I bought a schlate. The peer gept calling on more poys, unt I gept putting the schlate onto 'em. Pooty quick already I dells 'em the schlate it pese full on both sides, unt' den dey dells me if the schlate pese full, I petter ash fill my tam Tutch head mit 'em! Vell, dat ish all right—there's no brincipal in dose tings—they are nishe poys.

"Pooty bime by after leedle, they makes smash mit mine par, preaks mine pottles, unt knock der tuyvel out of mine looking glass mit mine head. Mine Cott! I vash mad. I radder you kive me ten dollar so much ash I vash mad. But that pese all right—there's no brincipal in dose tings—that makes nix tifference. Nice poys!

"Then they galls me a tam Tutch son 'f a gun, unt I dells 'em they petter ash go to the tiefel, their own tam American scoundrel. Vash I right? Vell, that makes nottings tifferent.

"They knocks the staircase town mine frow, unt throws the window out of the papy. That's all right—makes notting tifference—there's no brincipal in that—nice poys—but (growing very much excited, and emphasizing each word on the bar with his fist) they puts water in mine class of peer—unt Cott in himmel, that ish not right—there's some brincipal in dose tings—that makes sometings tifferent."

A Negro Marriage Ceremony.

Nothing, we calculate, could be more edifying to our dusky hued friends than the remarks made by a sable parson at a negro wedding which took place recently near Montgomery, Alabama. Thus spake he:

"Here is a couple who have walked out to-night, wishing to be jined in, and thro' love, and wishing all dem dat have any ting twixt dem come forward and speak now; if not, let dem hold dar peace now and for evermore. I wants every ear to hear, and every heart to enjoy.

"Mr. Jim Thompson, whomsoever stands fastly by your left side, do you take her for your beloved wife, to wait on her through sickness and through health, safe and be safe, holy and be holy, loving and be loving; do you love her mother, do you love her father, do you love her brothers, do you love her sisters, do you love her master, do you love her mistress, but do you love God de best?"

Answer: "I do."

"Miss Mary Thompson, whomsoever stands fastly by your right side, do you take to be your dear beloved husband, to wait on him through health and through confluition, safe and be safe, holy and be holy; do you love his mother, do you love his father, do you love his brothers, do you love his sisters, do you love God de best?"

Answer: "I will."

"I shall pronounce Mr. Jim to hold Miss Mary fastly by the right hand, and shall pronounce you both to be man and wife, by the commandments of God. We shall hope, and trusting through God that you may die right, now and for evermore. Now, Mr. Jim, *skew* your bride. Let us sing a him:

"'Plunged in a gulf of dark despair," etc.

The Sardine Question.

In one of the cities of New Hampshire, some years since, a man named H—— was elected mayor, and very important he thought his position. During his term of office a fire company sent word that they should visit his city and remain several days. The mayor called a meeting of the city council to see what should be done towards entertaining the firemen. He wanted to show the hospitality of the city in its most munificent form, and proposed that a collation should be given the strangers.

"And what," asked one of the aldermen, "do you propose to put on the table for the collation?"

"We'll give them," said his honor in reply, "hot coffee and sardines."

One of the council thought that sardines and coffee were hardly up to the mark for hungry firemen.

"I know better," cried the mayor, in an angry tone. "Sardines are hearty, and will be just what hungry men need."

"Perhaps," said an alderman, "his honor does not know what sardines are."

The mayor sprang to his feet, angry all over.

"I know," he shouted, "what sardines are as well as you do, or any other member of the board. I've eaten enough of them in my life. They are easily prepared. Just take two pieces of bread and put a piece of ham between them, and then your sardine is made."

His honor sat down amid a roar of laughter. He'd got things such as sardines and sandwiches kinder mixed up in his mind.

Mr. Lincoln's Horse Trade.

When Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer in Illinois, he and a judge once got to bantering one another about trading horses, and it was agreed that the next morning at nine o'clock they should make a trade, the horses to be unseen up to that hour, and no backing out under a forfeiture of twenty-five dollars. At the hour appointed, the judge came up leading the sorriest-looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden saw-horse on his shoulders. Great were the shouts and the laughter of the crowd, and both were greatly increased when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the judge's animal, sat down his saw-horse and exclaimed—"Well, judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

☞ A New York joker intimates that the ballet girls earn a bare living.

GIRL.—"Please, sir, mother says, what is the coals now?"
RETAIL VENDER.—"One-and-fivepence a hundred."
GIRL.—"Oh, how dear! The last was only one-and-twopence."
R. V.—"Very true; but you must know that coals *is* coals now."
GIRL.—"Oh! won't mother be glad; she said the last *was all slate!*"

LAST WORDS.

Can you not love me?—I hear, not in vain,
But it comes suddenly, crushing out pain
Just for a little while. Dear, let me speak—
No, not to pain you. Ah! think you I seek
Balm in your pain—in your pain for my
own?
Joy I would give you, but grief bear alone—
Hide from you. What if my heart ache and
smart?
Let it. What matter?—it is but my heart;
And if my heart is in any way dear
To me, it is that your image is here.
Thoughts of one least little pain that you
bore
Through me, though sweet, would but make
my pain more.

Love seeks not self, dear; I seek only you;
You in your happiness—would have you true
Thus to your heart. Oh, be happy! for I
Live in your light, in your darkness would
die!
Blame not yourself, who give nothing to me,
When I give all to you. Love is wind-free;
Blows where it lists, and hearts cannot be
bought—
No, not by love; so the love I have sought
You cannot give me. No, no, do not grieve,
For you give greatly. Ah! see and believe
All I have dreamed, of pure, gentle, and
high,
All fair, and sweet, you have shown to my
eye;
Made me believe the good, worship it too—
Love it, and follow it, following you!
Grieve not for me, for my wound will be
healed
Some way I know not; some hope be revealed
Out of this loneliness, longing; some bliss
Issue, that never had been but for this!

Have Clothes Ghosts?

Have clothes ghosts? What a question! exclaims the reader. Well, then, did you ever hear of a naked ghost? Never. In every well-authenticated instance, the ghost who appeared to the affrighted eyes of the observer was clothed in some style or other. There was the ghost of the little old bald-headed man in blue coat with brass buttons, in short breeches and black stockings, with spectacles on his nose, who walked sadly around in his old office or bedroom, as though something was on his mind. If we remember rightly, his appearance led to a careful examination among the secret drawers of his old secretary desk, and his long-secreted will was discovered, and with it the paper that showed that the mortgage upon the homestead was cancelled, and his distressed heirs were made happy. Then there was the pale-faced, sickly-looking lady, in deep mourning, who had mysteriously disappeared, but who could not rest quiet in her grave, and who pointed to a particular spot in the garden, beneath which her remains were discovered, and with them the proof that she had been murdered for her money, that led to the execution of her guilty nephew, who confessed the deed and died duly penitent, while her own bones were deposited in consecrated ground, and she walked no more.

The number of ghosts who have walked in long, white grave clothes is innumerable. There have been ghosts in ordinary military garb, and ghosts in suits of armor, and ghosts apparelled as monks and nuns, and ghosts who clanked rattling chains, and ghosts clad in the habiliments of every walk and rank of life—but never a naked ghost.

How is this? What was the nature of their clothing. Ghost and clothing have been alike transparent and intangible. Both could be seen, and yet seen through. The chair or table, the fire-place or the trees behind them could be distinctly perceived, and as they passed the window through which the moonbeams shone they cast no shadow. Some even have been palpable, as those upon whom their cold, cold, clammy hands were laid most thrillingly can testify. But they are clothed, all of them. That do we know, and that only do we propose to consider.

Why should ghosts be clothed? In the warm quarters provided for the souls of the wicked dead, is clothing needed, or is the propriety of its use regarded? In Heaven, from whence good ghosts sometimes come, we learn that spirits are clad in shining raiment and white robes. These then may be the clothes that they bring with them. Spiritualists and clairvoyants who see more than other people, have even undertaken to describe minutely the apparel worn in another world, saying that it was of all the colors of the rainbow, and fashioned solely in accordance with the taste and liking of the wearer. But we propose not to meddle with such questions, for we know nothing of them.

Yet one fact is clear: Since ghosts come not naked upon earth, but are always clothed, clothes have their ghosts as well as men. The old blue coat and the snuff-colored breeches that the ancient merchant wore in his lifetime must have had their own ghosts, else how could they have appeared in company with their former owners? The ponderous armor of the ancient knight, the widow's weeds, the clanking chains, and the trailing sheet that scared the observer who awoke with chilled blood and a sudden start as the apparition stood by his bedside, had their ghosts as well as the dead whose sad and warning face he saw and recognized, and whose long, thin hand was so menacingly stretched out over him. They existed, they were sought and found, and the man-ghost clad himself in these ghostly habiliments that his identity might be distinguished.

What a field for speculation is here opened up! Men have their ghosts, and may return again. My old coat, and your old hat, my sister's chignon and my wife's hooped petticoat, my father's old gray wig and my mother's old poke bonnet, and your daughter's smaller and more fashionable one—so small that it is sometimes doubtful whether it is a bonnet or a more head-dress—each have their several ghosts, and may again appear when discarded, and be visible to mortal eyes as part and parcel of their present wearers. Would that the Grecian bend was already among the ghosts. Can anybody imagine a ghost in a Grecian bend?

Dear ladies, if my theory is true (and deny it who can?) who is it among you that would be willing to appear and be known in history hereafter as the fair ghost in a Grecian bend?

Babies.

A cotemporary exposes himself to the execrations of mothers by the following cold-blooded tirade. He says: "The persistency with which some mothers thrust their babies upon the notice of society may be an amiable weakness, but it is nevertheless a bore. Babies are well-springs of delight, no doubt; but everybody is not athirst for them. If they were a rarity, they would, perhaps, be held in more general esteem; but, alas! they are as plentiful as blackberries, and so very much alike that it is difficult to distinguish the 'sweetest baby in the world' from the next one you meet. The domestic histories of babies, as related by their maternal historians, are also nearly identical. They all have the same 'winning ways,' make the same inarticulate noises, and have the same little ailments; so that the nursery anecdotes of one fond mother would suffice, with very slight variations, for the entire tribe. It is true that some infants sleep well o'nights, and that others—more's the pity—are of dissipated nocturnal habits, and insist upon being walked about in their parents' arms when they ought to be in those of Morpheus; but that is of no importance except to the parties immediately concerned. Their untimely sprees are of no interest as a breakfast-table topic; and whether their teethiness is superinduced by 'teeth' or original sin, concerns not the world at large. Unless 'fond mothers' have some little compassion on a suffering community, and cease to bore us with their nursery chronicles, we must rouse ourselves and settle the grievance in the Herodian fashion; and if we once begin, we shall not confine our 'remedial efforts' to 'children two years old and younger,' but shall take a much wider range!" What a monster a bachelor can be! Some devoted woman should come to the rescue of the "babies of the period" by marrying this fellow.

AGRICULTURAL.

Is Farming Profitable?

It is a singular anomaly, that although we find but few farmers who will acknowledge that they make even six per cent. per annum on the capital invested in and on their farms, so few are willing to exchange their country homes for a residence in town. Even on our rich blue-grass land, where corn is selling at their doors for three dollars per barrel, and every farm product is in good demand at fine prices, some of our most experienced farmers complain that they are making nothing!

And yet, they ride in their carriages, own fine horses, good houses, extensive and beautiful grounds, and live on the fat of the land. They have or may have their corn-cribs well filled, and their meat-houses well lined, with more than a year's provisions; their poultry-yards in a flourishing condition, their flocks yielding their annual fleeces, and their savory South-down mutton when required; their over-abundant dairies; their productive gardens; their fruit-yards, yielding them luscious and abundant fruits in the season, and, super-added to these, they enjoy the pure and healthful air of the open fields, and have or should have, no bills in banks to disturb their sleep at nights with fear of protest.

We have often thought that farmers greatly underrate their profits and advantages. In fact, a farmer never counts that as profit which is consumed in his own family; nor is he obliged to pay income-tax on any but his cash income; whilst the resident in the city, who must spend his cash income for anything required for the support of his family, pays not only income-tax, but town-tax also, on that which benefits the farmer untaxed, and is by him too generally unappreciated. Nor does the farmer count the rent of his dwelling-house, which, in the city, is a serious item of expense; he does not calculate fuel; the keep of the horses which draw his carriage, which would constantly draw on his purse in town; nor consider how many dollars, in the course of the year, would leak out of his pocket, in town, under the plea of amusements, shows, extra dressing, and extra show, and all the hundred *et ceteras* which leave no voucher behind them when the year is ended; from which leak he is happily relieved in the country.

But when he comes to give in his income-tax, he finds he has put into and taken out of his pocket, during the year, much less money than the dweller in the city; who, perhaps, has risen early and sat up late, and lain awake at nights, in his anxiety to meet the many drains upon his purse; and feels happy, when the year is over, that, pinched as his family may have been, in many respects, he yet is not a bankrupt. And the farmer grumbles, and persuades himself that he is not making anything!

Let us suppose a case of a family of ten persons, who may be rich enough to own a good farm of 200 acres. The father and the older boys able and willing to attend the farm with the assistance, say, of three male servants and two female ones; and let us calculate what they may make; or, what they may save—which is the same thing—per annum; as follows:

200 acres of land, at $90 per acre,	$18,000 00
Five horses, at $120 each,	625 00
Ten cows, at $50 each,	500 00
One hundred sheep, at $5 each,	500 00
Fifty store hogs, at $5 each,	250 00
Implements, poultry, &c.,	1,125 00
Making even capital,	$21,000 00
Now, the interest on this is	$1,260 00
Hire and feed of servants,	1,500 00
Seed and repairs,	240 00
	$3,000 00

It would be easy with this force, to cultivate 50 acres in corn, 50 acres in wheat, and 50 acres in clover, leaving 50 acres in woods pasture; or the crop might be varied as occasion required, in hemp, oats, barley, &c., &c. Deducting what corn he might use to feed his horses, fatten 40 hogs, and feed his family, and reserving also enough wheat for bread, the farmer might have to sell, if the season was good:

200 barrels of corn, at $3 per barrel,	$600 00
300 bushels of wheat, $2 per bush.,	600 00
3000 pounds pork, at 8 cents,	240 00
400 pounds wool, at 25 cents,	100 00
6 calves, at $10,	60 00
	$1,600 00

And this might be his only cash income; from which, if he were to deduct the hire of his servants and necessary repairs, enough would not be left to oblige him to pay any income tax at all; and which would look like a very small profit on the capital and labor invested and used. But when we calculate his equitable profit, as compared with what his family would be obliged to expend in the city, to enjoy the advantages they have in the country, we can easily see that farming is not so bad a business after all, as follows:

House rent,	$500 00
Meal and flour,	300 00
Marketing,	400 00
Bacon,	200 00
Town taxes,	50 00
Income tax,	100 00
Extra expenses,	200 00
Keep of horses for carriage,	250 00
Fuel,	300 00
	$2,300 00
Add to this his cash income on farm,	1,600 00
and the total is	$3,900 00

without counting the increase of the value of the stock on hand, over what may have been sold, or consumed for the table, which gives the farmer a pretty good profit on his $21,000 of capital, being more than 10 per cent. above his expenditures for hire, seed, and repairs. If above all these savings and profits, the farm is improving its value, and the farmers' boys have learnt habits of industry and morality; if they have been trained to be good farmers under their father's eye, with the necessary advantages of schooling in proper time, how much more may the farmer congratulate himself that his lot has been cast in pleasant places.—*Farmer's Home Journal.*

RECEIPTS.

BAKED BEEF AND POTATOES.—The cheapest pieces of beef, suitable for baking or roasting, consist of the thick part of the ribs, cut from towards the shoulder, the mouse buttock and gravy pieces, and also what is commonly called the chuck of beef, which consists of the throat boned and tied up with string in the form of a small round. Whichever piece of beef you may happen to buy, it should be well sprinkled over with pepper, salt, and flour, and placed upon a small iron trivet in a baking dish containing peeled potatoes and about half a pint of water, and either baked in your own oven or else sent to the baker's. If you bake your meat in your own oven, remember that it must be turned over on the trivet every twenty minutes, and that you must be careful to baste it all over now and then with the fat which runs from it into the dish, using a spoon for that purpose.

CHEAP CIDER VINEGAR.—Take the water in which dried apples are washed and soaked, and after carefully straining, put in a vessel; add a pound of sugar, or its equivalent in molasses. Put in a piece of brown paper, and set where warm. In a few weeks you will have good cider vinegar. More sugar will improve it. The vinegar will also be better the more concentrated the cider is. The strongest vinegar is made from boiled cider.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 92 letters.
My 35, 6, 75, 45, 90, is a city in France.
My 83, 53, 40, 18, is a city in Russia.
My 67, 25, 61, 48, 80, 14, is a river in Africa.
My 73, 71, 31, 10, is a city in Soudan.
My 49, 29, 89, 59, is a town in Ireland.
My 15, 38, 81, 23, is a town in Georgia.
My 32, 27, 13, 86, 88, is a river in Iowa.
My 8, 12, 1, 7, 19, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 4, 82, 20, 11, 16, is a town in New York.
My 74, 78, 28, 22, 41, 45, is an island east of Asia.
My 87, 58, 54, 57, 66, is a city in Persia.
My 63, 85, 84, 70, 46, 72, is a city in France.
My 34, 65, 62, 76, 77, is a city in Scotland.
My 69, 5, 36, 3, 50, 37, is a river in Austria.
My 44, 91, 68, 47, 92, is a city in France.
My 73, 9, 43, 17, 21, 30, 79, is a city in Prussia.
My 52, 55, 51, 24, 65, is a river in Indiana.
My 64, 90, 56, 33, 28, is a town in Turkey.
My 39, 26, 60, 85, is a well known strait.
My 2, 89, 63, 9, is a town in Virginia.
My 18, 42, 61, is a town in India.

My whole is the dying words of an eminent person.

Altoona City, Pa. NIAGARA.

Problem.

One-third of a quantity of flour being sold to gain a certain rate per cent., one-fourth to gain twice as much per cent., and the remainder to gain three times as much per cent. Required—the gain per cent. on each part, the gain upon the whole being 20 per cent. WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

A is known to tell the truth as often as 3 times out of 4, B is believed as often as 5 times out of 6, C's reports are credited 7 times out of 9, D's statements are found reliable 11 times out of 13, and E testifies truly 8 times out of 15. Required—the probability of a circumstance being true which they all join in affirming.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mensuration Problem.

Jacob owns a parallelogram tract of land; the difference of its length and breadth is 87½ perches, and the area of the said tract (in perches) plus the longer side thereof amounts to 9025 perches. Now, all this being correct, what is the area of Jacob's tract of land? HILDEBERT KOBEL.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is that which belongs to yourself, and yet is used by every one of your acquaintances more than by yourself?—Ans.—Your name.

☞ Why ought organists to gain a reputation more easily than pianists? Ans.—Because they always have some one to "blow" for them.

☞ What word is that composed of five letters from which if you take two one remains? Ans.—Stone.

☞ Why is Misery like most young ladies? Ans.—Because "Misery loves company."

Answers to Last.

RIDDLE.—The Post (Saturday Evening Post.) RIDDLE.—Snow, (Now, owe, won, sow, own, son.)

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Nov. 7th—31 by 19—W. H. Morrow, S. S. Knox, J. N. Soders and F. M. Priest.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM of same date—228 by 122 perches—D. Diefenbach, F. M. Priest, J. N. Soders and S. S. Knox.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Nov. 14th—$89.90—W. H. Morrow, O. E. Converse and S. S. Knox.

Answer to H. Kobel's PROBLEM of same date—6 perches from each of the 4 sides—D. Diefenbach, S. S. Knox and O. E. Converse.

Answers to J. S. Phebus's PROBLEM of same date—2 feet 9,86 inches or 5 feet 11,66 inches—J. S. Phebus. 2.8244 feet or 5.8884 feet.—O. E. Converse.

PROBLEMS.—In answer to a correspondent, we say that we cannot afford space to give the *solutions* of the problems. As the address of the authors of the problems is generally given, those who wish can write them relative to the proper mode of solution.

ED. RIDDLER.

RYE AND INDIAN BREAD.—Mrs. Eliza Prentice, of Dakota, sent the following receipt to the American Institute Farmers' Club:—

For a good thick loaf, one pint of rye flour to three pints of Indian meal, one-half teacup (some say one cup) of syrup, or its amount in brown sugar; scald with boiling water—be sure and stir in water enough to thoroughly scald it; no salt; cover it over, but let it stand until cool; then reduce it with cold, sweet milk, until quite thin, or enough so to pour into your pan; bake all day, let it stand in the oven all night, if convenient. If you don't have a luscious loaf in the morning, then I am not the daughter of a New England mother. This is the Rhode Island plan fifty years ago, that is, minus the molasses. The Massachusetts and Connecticut people used to add yeast when cool; but I much prefer the Rhode Island plan.

If your crust is too hard to eat, remove it and soak it in water, then add to your next loaf; you will find it richer and superior to your first—after the second or third loaf you will need no syrup.

Another way that has been more recently sought out, is two cups of meal and one of flour, two cups of sweet milk and one of flour, one-half cup of syrup, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, and a little salt; pour in a two-quart basin, well buttered, steam two hours and bake one hour in a hot oven; turn the dish bottom side up on a plate for half an hour before eating. This is for a small family. You can enlarge on it if you like. It is easily prepared for dinner.

KEEPING SAUSAGE MEAT.—Jane Burton writes:—"Cook fresh sausage as for the table, without flouring it; then put it in layers in a sweet earthen or stone pot with gravy from running hot lard over each layer. It will be as good as when first made.

☞ Two electioneering requirements—wind-bags and money-bags.